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OPINIONS AND PRINCIPLES

EXCEPT for the fact that his place as president of a great university emphasizes the importance of his public utterances, and gives them a "news value" which in this age of competitive publicity even so well-established a national figure as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler finds useful, we well might urge Dr. Butler to give all his time and thought and power to the direct leadership of public opinion. Never has there been a time when conservative leadership was more needed than today. Seldom does a nation develop a type of leader more beneficial than the president of Columbia. We are aware of the fact that Dr. Butler is usually looked upon as a "liberal." He employs that term himself in pleading for the good and desirable things which in his mind are associated with that somewhat ambiguous term. But it is as a conservative in the true, or radical meaning of that word—a conserver of the things worthy of conservation, a living, creative type of conservative—that Dr. Butler, it seems to us, can best be described.

We find a justification for our opinion in a paragraph in the very notable address delivered by Dr. Butler on January 23, at the annual convention of the League of Nations Association at Chicago. As the climax to his thought-provoking review of the world situation, and his several suggestions to the American people for action in aid of "the firmer establishment of the peace of the world and effective aid in quickly relieving distress which is world-wide," Dr. Butler said:

"As for threats of new war, may we not repeat, with profound gratitude to their author, the words of His Holiness Pope Pius XI in his allocution to the cardinals resident in Rome, made on the eve of Christmas:

" 'As for threats of new war, while the peoples of the world still so painfully feel the scourge of the last terrible war, we cannot believe they are real because we are unable to believe any civilized state exists which is willing to become so monstrously homicidal and also almost certainly suicidal.'

"There are those who would seek the solvent for our difficulties in change of economic system or in the overturning of governments. That might have accomplished what is desired 300 years ago or even 100 years ago, but such is no longer the case. The objective today is everywhere and always public opinion, for public opinion will find its ways and means to control government, whether it be monarchical or oligarchical,

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Fascist or Communist, or one of the many and odd forms of democracy. If public opinion, brought face to face with the facts, chooses to express itself, one need not wait for new elections or for the return of economic prosperity. Action may quickly be had if public opinion so requires and demands. What will the American people do about it?"

Naturally, the daily press gave great prominence to what was regarded as the more practical aspects of Dr. Butler's speech—particularly his advice to the people to urge that the government take steps for the formation of an international commission to restudy the war debt question in the light of war depression, in the hope that the tremendous indebtedness incurred by the European nations in the war would be reduced or wiped out. His advocacy of the World Court and of the League of Nations, reëxpressed in lucid terms, compelling by their cogency and deep moral earnestness the serious attention even of convinced isolationists, will furnish material for discussion and decision in many circles where public opinion is formed or guided.

We did not find the passage which we have quoted above in any of the reports in the newspapers; yet the philosophy it states is worthy of the deepest attention. It expresses the thought of one of the most influential and experienced world leaders. Its deep faith is not shallow optimism of the depressing type in which far too many pinchback politicians and business leaders have been indulging. It should encourage and console those who have little faith in either the nostrums of fake optimism, or the cut and dried schemes of social faddists, but who do believe that the facts of the world crisis should be known and should be faced squarely and fairly—in a spirit of firm reliance on the ability of human good-will to find a reasonable solution of our problems.

It is in this spirit—as Dr. Butler's quotation from Pope Pius XI may well remind us—that the Catholic Church carries on its unending task, in the social as well as the spiritual realms. As Walt Whitman said in one of his greater utterances: "All changes of appearances without a change in that which underlies appearances, are without avail." The Church knows that if you trace any and all social problems to their real causes, you enter the world of morals and ethics. Economic problems, above all others, perhaps, may thus be analyzed. Greed, selfishness, pride—personal or national pride, or greed, or selfishness—these are the evil roots of all the economic troubles of the world. Not until public opinion recognizes the truth, can that opinion really mold legislation, and, more important than legislation, our social habits and behavior. Dr. Butler points out the path to the only peaceful solution of the woes of the world. Opinions must be guided by principles and Christianity supplies the principles. But Christians must prove them by living up to them. Otherwise, the world will follow the many will-o'-the-wisps of conflicting and subversive opinions.

WEEK BY WEEK

ACCORDING to one alert and friendly contemporary, the *Christian Century*, of Chicago, "Vatican diplomacy has raised an issue," and it appeals to *America* and THE COMMONWEAL, as "enlightened Catholic journals," to conduct an inquiry into the matter. We cannot, of course, speak for our elder and more authoritative companion-in-arms, *America*, but on our part we promise the *Christian Century* to do our best to answer the question it raises. Broadly speaking, the question is, whether Vatican diplomacy, in at least one case, "has proceeded on the assumption that all priests are political subjects of the Pope." The case mentioned is based, rather vaguely, on a news despatch printed some months ago to the effect that the Papal Secretary of State had protested against any diplomatic action by the Italian government in regard to the killing of two Italian priests in China, on the ground that the diplomatic jurisdiction in such a case belonged to the Papal State and not to Italy. The implication that might be drawn from such an action—if it really took place, which we strongly doubt—is, according to the *Christian Century*, that "the Vatican views priests as subjects of the State of Vatican City and not as citizens or subjects of the country of their nationality. This is a matter that will bear looking into." It will indeed.

Vatican Citizens

THE FIRST thing to be asked is whether the news report accurately stated the grounds of the papal action. We think that probably the basis of the papal representation to the Italian government was quite contrary to the reason given in the news report, and was to the effect that the Church, or the Vatican State, did not wish the matter treated with reference to the status of the Italian subjects as priests. Under the terms of the treaty between the Vatican City and the Italian government, instead of all Catholic priests being considered as citizens or subjects of the Vatican State, only a few hundred people, comprising those whose rank, charge, office or employment about the Vatican court require their residence there or in the city of Rome, are entitled to that status. Ecclesiastics, from cardinals to priests, in Italy or anywhere else, who are not officials or employees of the Vatican, are, of course, the subjects or the citizens of their respective countries. Unless the two Italian priests killed in China were registered citizens of the Vatican State, traveling on business officially connected with the Vatican State, they were Italian subjects, and under the jurisdiction of their country's authority. As for the hundreds of thousands of priests and bishops throughout the world, they are what always they have been: citizens or subjects of their several nations, and in no way subject to the purely civil jurisdiction of the Vatican State. We fail to see how a real issue has been, or can be, raised, except through misunderstanding.

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THE PAN-EUROPEAN pledge of peace was, we believe, more than a formality. It will be yet another real contribution both to peace and to the idea that the destinies of European nations are best to be served by co-operation, rather than by rivalry and war. This of course is obvious enough, and the fact of it was made even more pointed by the reason which was given by the Pan-European foreign ministers for making the pledge. The New York *Times* reports it as follows: "A lack of confidence in European peace shown in the United States, especially in the money centers, and also in similar circles in Holland and other former neutrals, convinced the foreign ministers. . . . " *In other words, as we see it, be a peaceful country like Holland and "other neutrals," or like the United States which is relatively peaceful and was neutral for the greater part of the last war—and you will have money to lend.* This may seem a rather mercenary way of looking at the subject, but it is a way that with many will ultimately carry great conviction. And the repeated statements being made in behalf of peace, though the cynical may regard them as empty, will help to condition the mental attitude of people so that they will have a disposition for peace. This ultimately decides the matter.

Pan-European Peace

THAT Catholic Action is in many ways actively bringing the standards of sound ethics to bear in estimating and suggesting remedies for many of the most serious economic evils and injustices which lie at the roots of our maladjusted social conditions, is becoming increasingly evident. As Senator Wagner and his confrères begin their investigations into alleged profiteering in food, and as many committees and commissions dealing with unemployment—for notable example, the governors of the Eastern states who recently gathered with Governor Roosevelt at Albany—go on with their work, we find organizations such as the Social Welfare Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and the Central Verein, throwing the light of Catholic Christian ethics upon those very problems. Dr. John A. Ryan, of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, lifts his voice at a conference at Columbia University, declaring that industry's first moral duty is to the laborer, and that to discharge willing workers solely to preserve a high rate of interest on the money invested in the industry or business, is condemnable in morals. The organ of the Central Verein calls attention to the fact that, with the farmers now selling wheat at a loss, and the poor unable to nourish themselves properly because of a lack of means, there are bread and biscuit makers who buy cheap and sell dear. But this does not seem to affect the conscience of the stockholders of one such company—who in three months received more than six million dollars in dividends, in the form of more than one dollar a share, the par value of the share being ten dollars. As our contemporary, the *Wanderer,* of St. Paul, remarks, the sins that according to Catholic teaching cry aloud to heaven for vengeance no longer worry many of those who direct the destinies of nations and the offices of high finance. But the wolf of Bolshevism at the door may do what the voice of conscience cannot effect.

Social Justice

WE HAVE spoken out unequivocally enough about our attitude toward the corruption attributed to certain elements in Tammany in New York's current malodorous exposures, so that we may speak out with equal clearness about what seems to us to be a growing evil in Republican politics, without, we hope, being misconstrued as merely partisan. What we have in mind is a combination of smart-aleckness and treachery which assumes that the common people are "boobs" and may be constantly tricked into prejudging political issues. The backwoods bigotry that was openly worked upon for political purposes in the presidential election, and the appeal to which was never disclaimed in the manly way that we used proudly to think was the American way of being open and above board, seems now to have led to the growth of a tradition of political slyness in the Republican party. The underhanded methods employed by Mr. Lucas in ordering under a false name the printing and circulation of a low cartoon and lying literature from the printers of the Ku Klux Klan's official magazine, to be used against a candidate that Mr. Lucas in his official capacity on the Republican National Committee was assumed to be helping, was work that we know makes honest Republicans of our acquaintance as angry as it should make any fair-dealing man. The astonishing thing is that Mr. Lucas's work has never been officially repudiated. In fact it was officially lauded by the Republican organization of Ohio, which would leave one to assume that the Ohio "gang" still has power in party politics, and likes that kind of political action.

Republicanism Pure or—?

A SEQUEL to this attitude was furnished by the recent indictment for perjury of Victor Seymour, former manager of the Western headquarters at Denver of the Republican Senatorial Committee, and George W. Norris, the grocer who attempted to file against the senator of the same name in the primary. It may be recalled that it has been testified by Mr. Seymour's secretary and other witnesses that Mr. Seymour had conducted a straw vote to find an available candidate to defeat Senator Norris and had prepared the statement issued by the grocer at the time he filed his petition for nomination. Mr. Seymour had previously under oath testified before a senatorial investigating committee that the first he knew of the grocer's filing was when he read of it in the newspapers. The grocer under the same circumstances had testified that he had received nothing of value for filing; whereas it was later asserted by witnesses that he had received a

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bond worth $500 for running against Senator Norris. Mr. Seymour resigned from his office in the Republican party when this testimony was given. The grocer meanwhile has moved from his home and work in Broken Bow, Nebraska, and is now said to reside in Enid, Oklahoma. The absurdity of this whole thing of course was the original assumption that the public can be so easily tricked. We believe that Republican leaders are equally misled when they assume that the best policy with these exposures is just to let them blow over and the public will forget. Possibly the public may forget these specific instances, but the danger is that unless such methods are vigorously repudiated, they are apt to encourage other similar attempts in the future by zealous low-grade party workers whose intellects, as well as whose principles, are not trustworthy. This we believe is an issue that high-principled Republicans must not simply neglect.

Class-War Makers

THE CALL emanating from Russia for 13,000 technicians in various branches of engineering and industry, prompts us to the pious wish that the call could be answered by Communists from our midst. Mr. McKee's article in this issue tells of the numbers of these persons among us and of their frankly avowed purpose, under instructions from Russia, to organize and to carry on class war. With equal frankness we wish they would leave us in peace and if the mother country of class agitation is in need, let them go back to her. Of course things are not so simple. Moscow would not be willing to have these birds come home to roost. It is all part of her plan to have them quartered on the enemy capitalist states and carrying on her warfare in foreign lands at little or no expense to herself. The anomaly in the present situation is that individuals who sincerely do not believe in world revolution and class war, who prefer peace and the working out of social problems by methods as orderly as human ingenuity can make them, with the aid of good-will rather than the fostering of hate and ill-will, who desire the liberty of expressing their religious convictions without prejudice or ridicule or the perils of imprisonment, and pillage, and the destruction of the art they have created to express their devotion—the anomaly is that individuals of this character should for money go to the aid of a government which has openly declared itself for everything to which they are opposed. Their existence must encourage the Soviets in their cynicism with regard to the potential good in the peoples and countries they would destroy. The truth is that individuals that will sell their convictions in this manner, are enemies of civilization. The country is well rid of them in having them leave its shores; and there is little doubt that their venality will in the end make them a greater liability than an asset to the unfortunate people they go among, the people of Russia who are the victims of the tyrants now in control.

Stanley Baldwin, Gentleman

OF COURSE it proves nothing whatever about the Conservative party that Mr. Stanley Baldwin, its leader, should have been dramatically revealed as the devotee of a lofty conception of personal honor. Any party can produce a gentleman. Nevertheless there is an explicit old Tory tradition that the privileged balance their privileges on occasion by a tremendous, inutilitarian magnificence of conduct, that it is pleasant to have vindicated. If the Conservative party had in it more impractical idealists of this character, it would probably have much more practical success with the English masses. Even here where there is no Tory tradition to be appealed to, and where selling at the top of the market is almost an article of religion, Mr. Baldwin's effect has been considerable. For, as everyone of course knows by now, what he did was to refuse to sell at the top of the market. In fact, he refused to sell at all. He had inherited the vast fortune of Baldwins, Limited, steel and iron works. Its shares, like so many shares, were knocked from their pinnacle of security by the impact of post-war troubles, and began to drop to the price level of waste paper. Mr. Baldwin was forewarned of this disaster in ample time to unload, but he calmly replied that he felt himself morally unable to do so. The wealth of his firm had been built up through generations by the confidence of the public; it did not become the scion of Baldwins, Limited, to leave that public to bear the losses alone. Now he and the public are poor together. Surely it is as fine to invest one's money in poverty of this kind as it is to endow an educational foundation or start a chain of libraries.

Alfred McCann

SOMETHING deeper than mere regret, a deep and personal sense of sorrow and loss, is felt by a multitude of people whose lives were made stronger and richer by one man's work, in the sudden death of Alfred McCann. We know of one woman, not sharing Mr. McCann's Catholic faith, who now cannot approach her radio receiving set without emotion caused by the thought that never again will she share in the good work which the famous lecturer accomplished by means of his wireless talks. There surely is no subject more open to the dangers of mere faddishness and fanaticism than "food reform," to which Alfred McCann devoted his life—yet he was anything other than faddist or fanatic. His rich humanity, his triumphant common sense—and, may we add?—the influence of the quite practical but powerful religious foundation of all his work, kept him well balanced and sane in the midst of his most vigorous battles with the food adulterators and dishonest advertisers who seek so strenuously to profiteer in supplying food to the people. Alfred McCann was one of the country's most useful citizens. He gave a great example of how a man may live his religious principles and communicate their values without preaching or moralizing.

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THE TALK about religion that goes on so steadily in the secular press is full of inconsistency and qualification, and those in our position, committed to the complete Catholic belief, are often divided between irritation at the first and thankfulness for the second—since any qualification from an outside thinker is likely to mean a concession to the truths that we defend. Last week, in examining a widely discussed paper by Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould, we confess that we were struck mainly by her perverse lack of logic in first describing a materialistic and monistic universe and then predicating "holiness" as the most vital and valuable thing in it. This week a more important thinker gives us the welcome chance to express a more positive attitude. It is Professor L. P. Jacks, long editor of the *Hibbert Journal* and principal of Manchester College, Oxford, who makes a plea in the New York *Times Magazine* for "Religion in the Workshop." Professor Jacks carries on into our day the last of that peculiarly English tradition which probably reached its heyday in the Metaphysical Society of William George Ward's time. Its characteristic has been not so much a body of doctrine (for it is critical and unorthodox) as the continuing interest of men distinguished by the culture, depth and, one may add, openness of their minds. They may have given up religion, in our sense, but at least they never patronize it. Their negations may be mistaken, but they are not insolent. They know, as Matthew Arnold did, that our religion is a universal religion, and "not a sect." The mystical wing of this group was represented by the late Earl of Balfour. What we may call the human wing is represented by Professor Jacks.

Laborare Est Orare

THUS it becomes a matter of secondary import that he draws a closer parallel than we should admit between the patron saints of the old journeymen and guilds, and the pagan gods of antiquity. What he is chiefly concerned with is the enormous loss to the modern world which has been involved in the giving up of the individual workman's sacred examplar and counselor. Religion, he notes, has been driven out of material concerns, with calamitious results. "I do not mean that religion is out of place in the churches. I mean that the workshops and surgeries ought to have it as well—and among the workshops I include schools and universities, with their teaching apparatus, as well as the factories with their power-driven machines. All these workshops would be better places for men to earn their living in if religion had something to do with the operations that go on in them." Formerly, when "there was a living point of contact between worship and work," the worker was happier, more completely a man. He was living according to the nourishing and developing truth that work is prayer. This is certainly one solution of the labor problem that capitalism and Communism alike have neglected. And, in Professor Jacks's article, it is more than a historical appreciation of a good now vanished. It is an aspiration, based at least implicitly on the Catholic position of the unique importance of the individual. Professor Jacks points no specific way to that "New Jerusalem" he desiderates, wherein the separate workman shall know his own dignity and the sacredness of his toil. But he helps to keep a door open in the general mind upon that large possibility. This is a service so important now, when even many of the forces of sincere reform are occupied in herding and dehumanizing men, that we choose to center upon it, instead of upon his modest and almost parenthetical disclaimer: "I do not myself believe in patron saints."

FOR MANY years we have thought tenderly of Signor Marinetti, Italy's apostle of futurism, as the inspirer of one of Mr. Chesterton's most glorious lambastings. Its purport, as we even now dimly recall, was that while, in their manifesto, the good signor and his fellow-futurists claimed to be more courageous than their ancestors, the ancestors were at least "willing to die by thousands upon the Austrian bayonets," whereas the futurists' sole activity consisted in despising the relics of the past. "The old ghosts go by" (quoting still from memory) "to assault I know not what ramparted city in hell, and Signor Marinetti, their descendant, stands outside the museum door and says he will never, never go inside." Signor Marinetti's latest exploit is just as fantastic as that early, happily remembered manifesto; but we are not at all sure it deserves the same contempt. In brief, he proposes to step between the Italian and his macaroni. This beloved dish, he avers, causes in the otherwise strong and noble Italian character "heaviness, limpness, pessimism, laziness and procrastination" which will be the country's ruin. It should be abolished at once. On the merits of this diagnosis we refrain, with scared haste, from pronouncing. We only say that here, at least, the signor proves himself a brave man. Think of a reformer who should essay to divide the Scotchman from his haggis, the Englishman from his roast beef and ale, the New Yorker from his speakeasy gin, the New Englander from his pie! It is a deed that might add luster to Garibaldi. Thus are the signor and his ancestors reconciled.

Marinetti Atones

THE WICKERSHAM REPORT

AMIDST the confusion of opinion and the flood of words caused by the Wickersham Commission's report, there emerge at least a few definite facts, like rocks above a torrent. Whether these rocks will serve as foundations for a bridge by which the nation may safely cross the raging controversy, out of its present state of distraction to an orderly condition, remains to be seen. The facts are three in number. First, the prohibition issue has become definitely recognized for what large numbers of people—on both sides of the

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controversy—have all along believed it to be, namely, the chief social problem of the American nation. Second, the issue compels both the Republican and the Democratic parties definitely and finally to commit themselves in favor of absolute prohibition or against it either by repeal or revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. Third, President Hoover has irrevocably committed himself—and his party, in so far as he can control that party—to the absolutist, or stand-pat, position in favor of prohibition. This fact is practically the most important of all. The unanimous approval of the President's stand on the part of the militant dry organizations has clinched this commitment. The revived courage of the drys, their strengthened determination to yield no jot or tittle of their entrenched and fortified place of vantage, and from there to carry the war into the enemy's territory—all these things are vividly evident.

What prohibition has lacked since the public reaction against it became so strong as to threaten its certain overthrowal—namely, a national leader occupying an unquestionably influential position—it now has gained. From a defensive situation, from a badly demoralized and leaderless state, strongly defended, of course, by the sheer power of the Eighteenth Amendment itself, but otherwise open to attack from every angle, the prohibitionists have suddenly been given a reorganized and reinspired unity, of which, not merely as a symbol, but as a direct source of power, the President's approval is the key. Against this rejuvenated and united mass defense of something already written into the fundamental law of the land, the opponents of prohibition must now struggle. Of course, they will do so. The Wickersham report strengthens their attack, by supporting in its majority of individual opinions the whole case against prohibition and the courage given to the drys by the President will prove to be a great illusion.

Not since the Civil War, we believe, has there been such an earnest division of public sentiment in the country over a social question. And as in the case of the Civil War, the apparent cause of the conflict is like the visible part of an iceberg, it is only about one-seventh of the thing. This is why there are feelings over the subject of prohibition which seem out of proportion to that problem, when it is considered that the wets can still get a drink without too much trouble—but this is only the apparent cause of the struggle which does not concern us—and the drys have the forms and some of the appearances of prohibition.

The dailies have already dealt sufficiently we believe with all the peculiar affirmations and denials of the members of the commission in the joint report and the individual statements. For ourselves, we are concerned with more fundamental aspects of the problem. We repeatedly forecast in these pages the very confusion that has finally been caused by the Wickersham report. It seemed to us apparent that if the commission membership were chosen with any thought of sincerely representing the divided feeling of the country, its findings would finally be at cross purposes. It is altogether too ingenuous to think that a commission could be a sort of battle in miniature where the champions of the opposing sides, like Sohrab and Rustim, would settle the issue without having to involve the opposed masses in a struggle. That sort of thing might be possible under an absolute dictatorship, as in Soviet Russia. But even under such circumstances, the will of the masses ultimately makes itself felt. This common will has a corporate life that outlasts the single life of any tyrant, or would-be tyrant. It is the correct interpretation of this will and its expression that distinguishes true champions of the common weal in all those matters outside the categorical imperatives of morality. Or, in other words, it is this that distinguishes effective representative government. The Wickersham report makes inevitable a final and decisive test of this will by the masses. We think that the issue will be in favor of the defeat of prohibition and the return of civilized temperance and personal liberty.

The great issue is one of compulsion—whether the mass of the citizens will permit themselves to be constrained by a law they deem wrong, and hold to have been imposed by a mere faction. The tenseness of emotion over prohibition is due to the feeling of constraint. Most psychologists agree that the feeling of unwarranted constraint is directly conducive to individual and social unhappiness. In fact, many identify unhappiness as being the same thing as a psychic recognition of impotence, and say that happiness is the result of the psychic recognition of being in control of the circumstances of one's environment. The truth of this proposition may be argued all around the Tower of Babel in as many confounding tongues of esoteric scientific terminology as one has a speaking knowledge of. The essence of it we believe will recommend itself to those who are simple of heart, whose judgments really matter in the long run. They will recognize that prohibition is of the essence of harmful irritation occasioned by those who at present assume to enjoy the control of their own environment and some measure of the extra bliss of controlling their neighbors' environment. These usurpers of more than their share of the privileges of democracy will relinquish their extra happiness only after a struggle, but they can and must be put back in their places, and reinstructed in the decent American principle of minding their own business. The revolt against unnecessary restraint in the matter of prohibition is the fundamental factor that will ultimately decide the issue, we believe, as it has decided every case in history where it was aroused, no matter how favored, or entrenched, or highly armed the usurpers of reasonable human liberty may have been. You cannot make a whole nation a prison house ruled by more or less venal guards—such as the prohibition agents—with solitary confinement for infractions of the rules. Such a plan misjudges the power and dignity of the citizen.

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POLAND'S CASE

By T. HOINKO

This seemed to us altogether a fair statement of an involved problem which is from many quarters alleged to be threatening the peace of Europe. It is the unemotional factualness of the statement which is greatly in its favor, as the intenseness of emotion aroused by ethnic questions is prone to sweep reason before it, and is of so deep-rooted and ardent a nature that it resents the good offices of the disinterested as offensive interference. The writer is secretary of the American Polish Chamber of Commerce in the United States and he presents Poland's case in a manner that deserves earnest consideration.—The Editors.

EXCEPT for the narrow nationalists, whose view is selfish and one-sided, the critics of the so-called "Polish Corridor" in most cases undoubtedly are inspired by the best intentions. However, American critics, in particular, often lack a thorough and broad understanding of the causes that have worked for centuries to bring about this problem. Safe in the splendid isolation of their great republic and with characteristic New World rashness, they view the efforts of the drafters of the peace treaties as Allied vengeance, forgetting that the most criticized arrangements were the result of the mature deliberation of experts.

The past few months have seen presented to American readers a rather large crop of articles concerning German-Polish relations and this aforementioned Polish Corridor. While the authors of these articles emphasized different phases of the problems discussed, they almost without exception gave the same chief argument for the return of the Corridor to Germany, an argument which substantially was this: "Germany will never be satisfied as long as Poland holds the Corridor. So, for the peace of the world, it must be returned to Germany." Considering objectively, is this the sort of reasoning to be put forth by thinking people? "The baby will yell till he gets the candy. Therefore, for the sake of peace in the family, take the candy away from brother and give it to the baby." Are world affairs to be decided according to such dangerous reasoning as this? Aren't we thereby returning to the same immoral principle that "might makes right" which shattered the world? Are national egotism and selfishness, the brute force of arms and still more powerful pressure of economics and dollars to destroy even those rudiments of the idea of human justice that through the ages, in great pain, the human race has been evolving, and throw us again into the abyss of barbarism?

If we believe that at least these rudiments of justice should govern between nations as between individuals, then we must approach this question with a sincere desire to see the truth as it is. Let us turn to the fundamental principles underlying the question.

First, we assume that no critic will go so far as to deny the justice and necessity of the reëstablishment of a free Poland. If such is the case, we must bear in mind that Poland did not drop with the rain at the Versailles Conference. Poland was not politically created as a previously non-existent state from territories rightfully belonging to someone else. On the contrary, territories which were in the wrongful possession of Germany, Austria and Russia were only returned to their previous independence. The so-called New Poland is in fact a resurrected Old Poland with only about half its rightful territory.

If Germany is justified in asking the return of the territory which she had to give up, then Russia is justified in asking the return of her former unlawful holdings, Austria is justified in doing the same, and Poland is again no more.

The term "Polish Corridor" has been introduced by German propagandists to designate the small strip of land known as Pomerania, which divides Germany from her colony of East Prussia and gives Poland her only access to the sea. There are very clear and definite reasons why this should belong to Poland, reasons which may be divided into three groups: historic, ethnological and economic.

Historically, it is pertinent to record that Polish Pomerania, inhabited since time immemorial by Polish people, was annexed by the Germans in 1308 and was in their possession until 1454, or for 146 years. At that time Pomerania went back to Poland and remained in Poland's possession until the first partition of Poland in 1772, that is, for 318 years. In 1920 parts of this Polish Pomerania, after 148 years of renewed German, that is foreign, domination, were returned again to Poland, thus giving the restored nation partial access to the sea. In other words, there is the same historic reason for returning Pomerania to Poland that there was for returning Alsace and Lorraine to France. Americans, with their strong sense of justice, eagerly approved the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine to France. They will surely just as earnestly support Poland's right to Pomerania when they realize the facts in the case.

The examination of the ethnological situation in this section clearly proves its Polish character. The Corridor has at the present time about eight hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom 85 percent consider themselves Polish, as is shown by election results. Moreover, even while under the hostile German rule, from 1871 to 1918, in the fifteen elections to the Reichstag this province returned only Polish candidates. Not once was a German candidate elected.

Finally, examination of the economic aspect of the problem convinces us that this territory is undoubtedly a part of the Polish economic unit and not of the

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German. Danzig's development as a port before the World War, that is under German rule, was stationary, the average pre-war tonnage of the port being 2,000,000 tons. Upon its incorporation into the Polish economic areas, Danzig started to develop rapidly, till in 1929 its tonnage was 9,000,000, it being the only port which has quadrupled its pre-war tonnage.

The rapid development of the reborn Polish state, however, was such that the facilities provided by the port of Danzig were not sufficient and it was necessary to establish on the Baltic another port—Gdynia—in order to secure a free movement of goods. The development of this port since its inception in 1924 took very rapid strides, so that after only five years its annual tonnage had reached the remarkable figure of 3,000,000 tons.

There are still broader economic aspects of the problem. If we admit that the Polish nation has a right to really independent existence, then we should concede that this nation—a nation of nearly thirty-two million inhabitants, or nearly half the population of Germany—has a right to a free and secure access to the sea. The value of such access for economic and political reasons is unquestioned. Germany has more than sixty first-class ports to serve her 1,488 kilometers of sea frontiers, while Poland has only 76 kilometers of coast and one purely Polish port, Gdynia, and the use of the port of Danzig. For a country half the size of Germany this does not seem too much.

As to the chief criticism, that the Polish Corridor disfigures the map and separates from the German mainland a province called East Prussia (which by the way once belonged to Poland), this of course is true. However, it is important to realize that while the population of all Germany is about sixty-two millions, that of East Prussia is only a little over two millions, and that this agricultural and remote province even before the war formed a sort of peninsula of the German Empire and was even then for practical purposes separated from the Reich. Even before 1914, due to its remoteness, East Prussia possessed a marked colonial character, and due to this remoteness, combined with the cheapness of water transportation, commerce between East Prussia and the German mainland was usually carried on by boat rather than by rail. To supplement this communication, East Prussia is now connected by direct railway to Berlin through the Polish Corridor, which arrangement has been assured Germany by the treaty of Versailles and a special German-Polish convention.

That this treaty arrangement is successful for all practical purposes is attested by Dr. Holz, a high official in the Reich's railway administration, who in a pamphlet entitled "The Economic Life of Eastern Prussia and the Means of Communication before and since the War" says: "It may be stated with satisfaction that owing to the steps taken by the railway administration of the Reich in conjunction with the Polish railway administration the difficulties connected with transit have been abolished. This is why Eastern Prussia, from the standpoint of transit, is not isolated. The Reich railroad has built a bridge across Polish territory." The privileged transit trains on which travelers may journey from Germany to East Prussia without being subjected to any customs inspections carry annually approximately six hundred thousand passengers. On the other hand, the number of travelers sailing on the Stettin-Königsberg line, totals only five thousand per annum, which would seem to prove that the terrors of travel across the Corridor are not so great as some critics would have us suppose. American correspondents who have written lurid descriptions of their difficulties in crossing, must have chosen, either through ignorance or design, the inconvenient local trains.

Because of its scanty population, its agricultural character, its natural remoteness, its previous usage of water rather than rail for communication with the Reich, the economic life neither of this East Prussian colony nor of its German mainland has suffered to any appreciable extent as a result of the restoration to Poland of her old province of Pomerania. If it is true that the so-called Polish Corridor cuts off East Prussia from its mainland, then it is no less true that East Prussia, in turn, to a greater degree cuts off Poland for practical purposes from free access to the Baltic Sea.

The foregoing clearly shows that the outcry against the Polish Corridor has no real justification. We may venture, however, to suggest that the primary reasons of Germany's dissatisfaction are wounded pride and lack of love for her eastern neighbor, who only a few years ago was her subject. Former lords, especially those who were harsh, do not sympathize usually with their enfranchised subjects. The English of 1780 did not especially love Americans.

It might be suspected that for some astute German minds not only the so-called Polish Corridor but the whole of Poland is a "corridor" that blocks Germany's imperial dream of domination expressed in her well-known slogan "Drang nach Osten," and that is the reason for the steady bombardment of anti-Polish propaganda.

Critics of the Polish Corridor who get excited over the matter mostly on the basis of pity for Germany should follow an old Latin maxim, "Audiatur et altera pars"; in other words, they should take into consideration also the arguments on the other side. These, as was pointed out, prove that while for Germany the present arrangement is undoubtedly an inconvenience and also a matter of wounded pride, for Poland it is a matter of its very existence.

"He shall receive no grace of salvation whom love does not sustain. . . . It is love that creates laws, rules nations, builds cities and leads the republic to her destinies." This is not part of a theological dissertation but words actually written in a political document —the treaty of union between the Polish kingdom and the principality of Lithuania in 1413. This Christian

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attitude of the Polish people even in politics has not changed. The Polish people are by nature very peaceful. They desire to live on the best terms with all their neighbors and to be permitted to work out their own destinies. They have earned their independence. They do not covet what belongs to their neighbors, but they have a boundless attachment for the land of their fathers and, as a united nation, will resent any encroachment upon it.

It is to be hoped that the great German nation, the nation of Schiller and Goethe, of Carl Schurz and the idealists of the Revolution of 1848, will throw off the shackles of chauvinism and imperialism which since the day of the Pyrrhic victory of 1870 have bound it, and realize that not through aggression but through coöperation will it bring the country to its greatest heights of achievement and thus best serve itself and the world.

Life in Europe and in the world in general is complex. It is for real statesmen, especially those who term themselves Christian, to simplify it where possible by wise compromise. The so-called "Polish Corridor" and the free city of Danzig are such a compromise. It does not entirely satisfy either Germany or Poland but it is workable and is the best solution under the circumstances. Suggestions from those who do not see the problem in its larger aspects tend only to disturb the equilibrium and cause international complications.

EINSTEIN AS A PHYSICIST

By KARL F. HERZFELD

THE GENERAL impression which one gets sometimes in reading newspapers or magazines not strictly scientific, is that Einstein's fame rests entirely on his new theory of relativity, of which it is rightly said that very few people understand it, and of which it is alleged that its correctness is very doubtful. He is sometimes represented almost as a charlatan whose laurels depend on unintelligibility and mysticism.

It is quite true that public acclaim started in a manner inexplicable to any physicist, and surely to Einstein himself, as late as 1919. But to the physicist Einstein's position as one of the very few outstanding men in the field is much older. He would have claim to this distinction, even if he had never written a line about relativity, on account of his fundamental contributions in other fields of physics, contributions which are perfectly familiar to all physicists and which are used almost continuously. When Einstein got the Nobel Prize in physics, it was for these contributions and not for the theory of relativity, because the latter was still debated.

I will try to explain in this article the part Einstein has played in the development of modern physics apart from relativity.

In 1827 the English botanist, Brown, had found that small particles suspended in a liquid were not at rest, but made small irregular movements. At first these were thought to be due to external disturbances, but experiments performed with all precaution showed that these motions went on.

The kinetic theory of heat, developed in the nineteenth century, explained heat as consisting in the energy of motion of molecules too small to be seen. Some physicists, especially Delsaulx, professor of physics of the University of Louvain, and Carbonelle, a Belgian Jesuit, had assumed that the motion discovered by Brown was really nothing else than the unceasing molecular motions which appear as heat. But proof of this was only given in a paper which Einstein published in 1905. He showed quantitatively that it was the irregularity of the molecular shocks which set up "the Brownian motion" of the suspended particles. He could prove this because he was able to give a quantitative theory of it which related the amount of the motion to known quantities, and the experimental measurements proved this formula correct. The French physicist, Perrin, got the Nobel Prize for the experimental investigation which proved Einstein's formula.

Furthermore, these studies greatly extended our concept of a molecule in showing that the same laws apply quantitatively to greater particles as well as to molecules. These investigations have been of fundamental importance to what is called the physics and chemistry of colloids. This latter name signifies all suspensions, that is to say liquids in which small particles of a different nature are present in large number. A familiar example of this is milk, in which small globules of fat are suspended in a liquid consisting mainly of water. These suspensions play a very large part as well in industry (many dyes, all soaps, etc., belong to this group), and still more in biology and medicine, as most fluids occurring in living beings are colloids. The motion of all these suspended particles is covered by the laws discovered by Einstein.

Another set of investigations is connected with the so-called quantum theory. The investigation of the amount of heat and light emitted by glowing bodies had led the German physicist, Planck, in 1900 to this theory. It had always been assumed that this emission of light was due to the motion of the particles inside the bodies, as the emission of sound is due to the motion of a string in a piano or violin. Planck could now account for the experimental facts only by assuming that the light was not emitted continuously, but in batches of definite amounts called quanta, so that the energy of the moving particles in the body would change not continuously, but only by definite amounts.

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Einstein now made an application of Planck's formula to what is known as the specific heat of solids, that is to say, to the amount of heat necessary to raise the temperature of a solid by one degree. This application immediately explained several facts which had been inexplicable formerly. While Einstein's formula originally had been too simple, the more complicated formulas which are used at present are completely dependent upon it. Knowledge of the specific heats is absolutely necessary if one wants to predict quantitatively the results of many chemical reactions. Every physico-chemist is continuously handling the formulas of which I speak.

An almost more important step was taken by Einstein when he later applied the quantum theory to photochemical phenomena. Photochemistry deals with the chemical action of light. It has important industrial applications. Photography is an application of the chemical reaction of light on the photographic plate. What is more, all higher life depends on it. Men and animals feed on animals and plants, so that ultimately all human and animal life depends on plants. Now the energy of men and animals is dependent on the combustion of food with oxygen. The ultimate production of the organic materials which are used in this combustion goes on in the plants, and the energy needed to build them up comes from the light of the sun which sets up photochemical reactions, building up organic material out of water and the carbon dioxide of the air. Photochemical reactions had been investigated for more than fifty years, but no fundamental law had been discovered until Einstein in 1905 applied again the quantum theory to it and showed that the primary process consisted in the sensitive chemical substances absorbing just one quantum of energy from the light and such being made chemically active. This law has been found valid in every case and is a fundamental law of all the numerous photochemical investigations going on in this country as well as abroad.

A similar field of the same type is photoelectricity. It had been discovered long ago that a negatively charged metal if illuminated by light loses its charge, and it was found later that this is due to the fact that electrons, that is to say very small particles which constitute the elemental units of negative electric charges, are liberated from the metal. Again a large number of experimental investigations were not successful in discovering the fundamental law for this process until Einstein showed that it simply consisted in an electron swallowing one quantum. If this energy was not sufficient to overcome the forces holding the electron back in the metal, it could not escape. If it was larger than this minimum amount, it could escape with a velocity which corresponded to the difference in energy between the swallowed light quantum and the work necessary to overcome the restraining forces. This theoretical prediction of Einstein's has been completely confirmed by experiments of Dr. Millikan. The same law applies also to the action of X-rays on matter, and it has been recognized recently that the medical effects of X-rays are entirely due to electrons liberated in the human body according to this law.

These papers of Einstein did much to convince physicists that in many respects light behaved as if it were composed of particles instead of waves.

A fourth fundamental investigation was performed in 1915 by Einstein together with the Dutch physicist, De Haas. Of course it is well known that every electric current has around it a magnetic field. The German physicist, Weber, had assumed that in our usual steel magnets, the magnetism was due to very small circular electric currents which were interpreted by the French physicist, Langevin, as being due to electrons running around. If one now changes the direction of magnetization of a steel rod, that means that one has to set the electrons suddenly running in the opposite direction. Einstein and De Haas (and simultaneously Barnett in this country) concluded that one should expect, therefore, a mechanical effect analogous to that which one experiences if one tries to reverse a spinning top. This effect the above-mentioned scientists were able to discover and so proved experimentally that really the magnetization of a piece of steel is due to swiftly moving electric charges.

Besides the fundamental discoveries described above, Einstein has made a large number of other original contributions to science. Every American physicist would be proud to count any of these among his papers.

It might be of interest that the work of the Duke de Broglie, who was recently praised in THE COMMONWEAL as a great Catholic physicist—and merits that praise fully—is closely connected with Einstein's work, including the theory of relativity. In a second article I shall discuss the theory of relativity.

The Song of Snow

Wind whispers
Pale white
Flakes of silence
In night
Sifting
Over a hill,
Drifting
Soft and still . . .
Fine thin whisper
Aerial call
Of million crystalline
Snow flakes fall,
In the blue night air
Settling from high
Frosty heaven
With barely a sigh:
Gentle as rustlings
Of angels wings
Muting to hear
The faint stars sing . . .
Cool and slight
Passed in the small sound
Of snow in the night.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

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THE COMMUNIST POWER

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES now has before it the report on Communist activities in the United States made by its special committee. The report and its accompanying recommendations embody the results of an investigation that has lasted many months. No more powerful searchlight has ever been directed against Communist operations in this country. Though the committee chairman, Congressman Hamilton Fish of New York has been inclined at times in his long quest to play to the galleries, and wave the red flag of danger a little too excitedly, the report itself is a judicial document. Some may think the committee's recommendations too sweeping, but most unprejudiced observers will agree, in the light of the evidence presented, that the time has come when the federal government must take steps to hold the Communists under greater surveillance. Communist activity is essentially subversive, and the Fish Committee holds that Communism should be outlawed, that Congress should specifically give to the Department of Justice the authority to break up the Communist party, and that alien Communists should be deported. With governments, as with individuals, self-preservation is the first law of nature.

As one of the chief capitalistic nations in the world, the United States for some years past has been a key objective of Communist propaganda. Yet until lately the drive made little headway. The American workingmen, whom Communist agents were trying to reach, have been fairly prosperous, many of them, through their savings and ownership of a home, capitalists themselves in a small way. Despite sporadic Communist efforts to "bore from within," the Federation of Labor and other labor organizations have continued to cling to good old-fashioned American principles, with the result that Communists in this country have had little favorable raw material upon which to work. Organized labor has frowned on them; the Communist, indeed, has had no greater foe here than the American labor leader. Defeated in their efforts to gain control of the established labor unions, the Communists some time ago turned their attention to "organizing the unorganized." Here, by and large, they may have achieved somewhat greater success. And wherever possible, Communist agents have concentrated their attention upon those areas, as in North Carolina, which have been the scene of conflicts between capital and labor. For years, nevertheless, the Communists in the United States were a thin and rather sorry band. The ties which bound them to Moscow were easily broken, and Moscow in turn could only exercise over them a limited control. The American people were too preoccupied with their own affairs to pay any attention to the few Reds in their midst.

Conditions suddenly changed in 1930, and nowhere was the shift in point of view more marked than in Congress. Last year the world-wide economic depression hit the United States, upsetting almost overnight the material status of millions of Americans. The unemployment curve shot swiftly upward, and Moscow, as ever, was quick to sense the opportunities thus presented for more effective propaganda. Communism is a germ that thrives in hard times, and our experience in the past eighteen months proved no exception to the general rule. On May 1, 1930, unemployment demonstrations, largely Moscow-directed, were staged in New York and many other American cities, and Red marchers paraded past the White House. Except for one or two encounters between demonstrators and police, no great damage was done. Yet the parades showed that Communist strength was increasing, and carried a warning to the observant.

Congress adjourned early in the summer, its members girding themselves for the biennial elections. Among their constituents they heard tales of hard times, as they had not for many a year. The more observant found evidence of Communist activity, and a tendency on the part of some of the unemployed to lend an ear to the Communist propaganda. Then came the dumping of lumber, coal and manganese, all produced in part at least by convict labor, into the American market. With millions out of work it was not only the American industrialist who had reason to protest this influx into the United States of convict-made Russian products. The American workingman was hit, and in a spot no less vulnerable. As additional workers were dropped, the threat from Russia became more and more serious.

The pressure upon the federal government grew stronger and stronger, until the Treasury finally promulgated new regulations designed to carry out that provision of the 1930 tariff act covering the exclusion from this country of goods made by convict labor. Perhaps for the first time in a decade, the national capital became really interested in the policies of the Soviet government.

Even before Congress adjourned, its members, back home for primary fights in the spring, had come upon evidences of growing Communist activity. Impressed by what they saw, several members accordingly introduced bills calling for a thoroughgoing investigation of Communism in the United States. House leaders placed no obstacles in the way; on the contrary they gave the proposed inquiry a quick endorsement. The investigation was approved, and before Congress adjourned for the summer recess, Speaker Longworth had appointed Hamilton Fish of New York, author of one of the inquiry resolutions, as its chairman. Fish

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lost no time in getting down to business. His committee held hearings in Washington, Boston, New York and Chicago, the Pacific coast and many other places, and in trailing the movements of American Communists, the committee examined nearly three hundred witnesses, including officials of the American government, agents of the Amtorg, members of the Communist party, labor leaders and many others.

How many Communists are there in the United States? The layman is perhaps as much interested in this question as any other. The committee's estimate is between 500,000 and 600,000. New York City, naturally enough, is the center of the movement. The voting strength of the party has steadily increased. In 1924, the Workers (Communist party) placed the name of their presidential candidate, William Z. Foster, on the ballots in fourteen states—none of them, however, in the Southern or border group. The party polled 33,361 votes in that year. In 1928, Foster and Gitlow, the presidential and vice-presidential candidates, respectively, were on the ballots in thirty-four states, receiving a total of 48,770 votes. The party put forward candidates for state offices in eighteen states, and although as a rule the off-year vote is fully 30 percent less than during a presidential campaign, the Communist candidates nevertheless won about twice the presidential vote of 1928, or some 100,000 in all. In New York, 19,539 votes went to its candidates. Large as the percentage of increase may be, the Communist party has yet, in the light of the figures, to become a real factor in American politics.

Here in the United States, industry has been the principal point of penetration. Shop nuclei have been established in a number of manufacturing plants; the committee indeed finds that they have penetrated, to some extent, into practically all our large industries. It points to the hand of the Communist in the three strikes at Passiac, New Bedford and Gastonia, involving 20,000 workers in all. As the committee reads the evidence placed before it, the real threat is so far confined to certain industrial groups, such as textile workers, clothing, garment and needle workers, food workers, shoe and leather workers, coal miners, metal workers, lumberjacks, building trades and marine workers, and to a lesser degree employees in rubber factories, and in automobile and automobile body plants. Though the Communists, as we have seen, failed to capture the American Federation of Labor, they have in the opinion of the committee "succeeded in weakening, and virtually breaking up and destroying a number of the important unions of the Federation, notably in the garment, needle, textile and mining trades."

Communist leaders have paid special attention to organizing the youth of America, and winning recruits from them. Here their threat to our national well-being is a very real one. Two organizations are important—the Young Pioneers of America and the Young Communist League. The first is recruited from boys and girls of grade school age. Summer camps are a favorite propaganda agency for winning allegiance to the Red flag. The Young Communist League is called the "big brother" of the Young Pioneers, and they help train and furnish its leaders. The committee does not give even an approximate estimate of the membership of these two organizations, but points out that both have expanded rapidly, and that their operations have increased in proportion. Some active Communists were found in New York University, and some infiltration is noted in the Universites of Chicago, Wisconsin, Washington, California, Harvard and Columbia. The committee is frank to admit, none the less, that the evidence regarding Communist activities in colleges and universities is not conclusive, and that the list is far from complete.

Though the Communist party in the United States has a Negro work department, and a national Negro organizer, its efforts so far to interest and enlist the Negroes have not been very successful. A good many colored workers in northern industrial centers, however, have joined the movement. Except here and there, practically no headway has been made among Negroes in the South.

The armed forces of the United States have not proved a very fruitful field. In the regular army, only three Communists have been discovered. The Young Communist League has charge of the propaganda against the national guard, and uses every effort to discourage enlistments and break down morale. A number of nuclei have been found among national guard units. The navy, like the army, has been quite free of Communist propaganda.

All Communists are atheists, the committee points out, whether they live in Moscow, New York or Los Angeles. The Communist must not only be without religion, but he must be anti-religious.

> The most tragic and appalling situation in Soviet Russia is the fact that many millions of young children attending the public schools are taught each day hatred of God and of religious faiths and beliefs. These young school children are also taught to hold their parents in contempt, and disobey them if they maintain any belief or faith in religion.

The report as a whole is a thorough one, for it covers the Communist movement in its many ramifications—organization, leadership, methods of operation, objective, relationship to Latin America; and contains, too, an illuminating outline of the Amtorg, the Russian trading organization, and its relationship to the Soviet government. The committee set out to explore every corner of the field, and as a result of its labor, a good deal of it detective work, Congress is now in possession of a really adequate picture of the Communist movement in the United States, whose aim here, as elsewhere, is to overthrow "capitalist" government. Said Stalin specifically in May, 1929:

> I consider that the Communist party of the United States is one of the few Communist parties to which his-

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> tory has given decisive tasks from the point of view of the world revolutionary movement. The revolutionary crisis has not reached the United States, but we already have knowledge of numerous facts which suggest it is approaching. It is necessary that the American Communist party should be capable of meeting the crisis fully equipped to take the direction of future class wars in the United States.

Up to 1924, by using the provisions of war-time legislation, the federal government was able to drive and keep the Communist party underground. The repeal of the war measures in that year put an end to the activities of the Department of Justice. The Communist party quickly reappeared, and today, we are told, "the Communist party of the United States is thoroughly and highly organized nationally and locally, and is extremely active."

The State Department keeps its eye on international developments, and follows as best it can the changing trends of Moscow's policy. It is concerned, too, with any efforts that the Soviet government may make to interfere in the domestic policy of the United States. The Department of Labor is concerned with the violation of the immigration laws, through the unlawful entry of Communists into the country. The Department of Justice again is concerned solely with violations of federal laws. Since 1925 it has had no authority to hold men and women under surveillance merely because they are members of the Communist party. Under the recommendation of the Fish Committee, the Department of Justice would hereafter be given the duty of watching Communist activity and holding it in check. It would also be a sort of clearing house of information and facts.

It is a real menace to the United States which the Fish Committee's report reveals, even if its seriousness may easily be exaggerated. For the Reds and their sympathizers, all told, are but a very small percentage of our total population. Among the four or five million Americans out of employment, there is abundant raw material upon which Communist agents can work. That is the condition which for a year or so has played into the hands of the Communist organizer. So vast an army of unemployed in a country as richly endowed with natural resources as ours, is indeed a challenge to the American nation. Here lies the real danger. Legislation to strengthen the federal and state authorities in dealing with the subversive activity of the Communists is needed, but that may only mean that the Communists will again be driven underground. A blow far greater to the Communists would be a return of normal prosperity, and a job for every American workingman who wanted one. The fact that 70 percent of the Communists are aliens indicates plainly that the movement is not one which appeals to Americans.

A useful service stands to the credit of the Fish Committee in uncovering the facts; and, once more, it holds that the better part of wisdom is to be wise in time.

SHREW'S TEETH

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

SHREWS are a race of quaint and very individualistic mouselike little animals, comprising perhaps a hundred different species and varieties in all parts of the world from the Arctic Circle south to Patagonia and Australia. Inhabiting alike the wilderness, city parks and private gardens in the suburbs, they are unnoticed and unknown to ninety-nine out of every hundred inhabitants of either city or country. Owing to certain temperamental characteristics of their race, their name has been applied to a well-known feminine type of our own.

A shrew's nose—I now refer to the four-footed kind—is long and pointed, its eyes are small and beady and its blood-colored front teeth are sharp as needles. If two shrews are confined in the same cage they immediately fall to fighting and the victor dines on the vanquished. Outdoor observation both in this country and in Europe and Great Britain, goes to show that the same thing occurs whenever shrews chance to meet in the woods and fields, which accounts for the fact that they are never very abundant anywhere, as otherwise their species appears to be well fitted to increase and multiply exceedingly. They are possessed of wonderful vigor and tenacity of life, and are moreover not generally looked upon as food, except by members of their own genus. Owls eat them at times, though evidently preferring other game, but dogs or foxes, cats or hawks, whenever they catch a shrew by mistake simply toss it aside and go on mouse-hunting.

I have never seen two of them together, and when I chance upon a shrew's track in new snow, it is but a single trail of tiny footprints. Though they must have a mating season, it is evidently of short duration; while the young ones leave their mother at a very early age and at once go about snapping at everything in sight.

Luckily the larger species are much less ferocious and blood-thirsty than their smaller cousins, and they are all useful to man and in no way injurious to his crops. Their food consists of worms, insects and their larvae and whatever of meat, fish or reptile flesh that comes their way. The commonest sort here in the Northeastern states is the short-tailed shrew, generally mistaken for a mole, though easily distinguished by its mouselike feet. The forefeet of a mole are big shovel-shaped hands placed flat against the shoulders. This short-tailed shrew has its paths and burrows about gardens and fields during the summer, and in the winter

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often connects its underground tunnels with the cellars of farmhouses and barns. The little long-tailed shrews prefer to make their homes beneath stumps and fallen logs or woodpiles in pastures and woodlands. We have two distinct species of long-tailed shrew, the largest of which is only about the size of a very small mouse; while the other, the least shrew (*S,hoyi*), is scarcely half its size, the smallest of all four-footed things.

One day last week our cat brought in from the field a tiny beast which at first glance I identified as a half-grown common shrew. Later examination of its teeth and claws however gave one the impression of a mature animal, and so I jumped to the conclusion that I had a specimen of *S,hoyi*. Looking it up in my library I became yet more firmly convinced that this was the case, for in measurement and coloring it corresponded perfectly with the description of that species, and not with that of the common shrew.

So I sent it off by mail to a distinguished zoölogist, and his reply is as follows: "The little shrew that you sent came to me safely. It seems to be in fresh winter pelage and rather unusually grey for that reason, so that I don't wonder that you took it for *hoyi,* which it superficially resembles. However, on removing the skull the teeth showed that it is a perfectly typical specimen of the commoner species, *cinereus.*"

Even as I read over this letter, "up from the dim abysm of the past" there arose in my mind's eye the image of a neighbor's hired man in the days of my boyhood. This man was locally famous for being possessed of most remarkable teeth: double teeth, typical molars, all around, front and back in both jaws. As my memory dwelt on him I could not help wondering if scientific scrutiny would, or would not, have classified him as human; not by the teeth certainly, which may or may not have corresponded with those of the anthropoid apes. Otherwise he was normally human, of good physique and average intelligence, bred of good old British stock. One of my own relatives, who would stand a better chance than I should of being chosen by a jury of his peers as a model human specimen, both physically and mentally, still retains at almost three score years and ten, some of his first set of milk teeth, and has never cut his wisdom teeth. On the first opportunity that offers I am determined to consult dentist and veterinarian regarding the matter of abnormal and missing or overnumerous teeth among men, horses and cattle. Perhaps there are no instances of abnormal dentition among shrews, but just as likely they may be more frequent among them than among humans. Until then I shall remain half convinced that my tiny individual shrew was born of parents whose teeth would have classified them as *S,hoyi,* but were no more rigidly heritable than were those of my relative or the neighbor's hired man.

Local observation goes to show that our rarest species of shrew is the water shrew which lives about ponds and water-courses where it swims and dives like a seal, catching water insects and larvae. It evidently spends the winter muskrat fashion in dens which lead from deep water up into the bank to above high-water level, and from which it can swim out under the ice in pursuit of pollywogs and water beetles. Shrews, like weasels, have for ages been regarded with superstitious dread, a trace of which still seems to linger among us, and the gradual fading out of which seems to coincide with the lessening outdoor knowledge of natural history, largely owing to lack of opportunity for observation as the bulk of the population drifts cityward. The farmers of this country have as a rule been too much bound down to their own work, together with town, state and government affairs, to pay more than casual interest to the small beasts of the field; unlike the peasants of the Old World who, working long days from sun to sun with little else to occupy their attention, appear to have known each species intimately one from another. What they saw and could not otherwise explain, led to superstition.

As I have said before, some of this superstition concerning shrews and weasels still lingers on for a while after being brought across the ocean from the Old World. An Irish woman told me that her father, when taking his noonday repast in the field only the day before, saw a weasel appear suddenly from a crevice of the stone wall, stare at him for an instant, vanish and reappear again and again; which so upset her father's nerves that he was quite unable to take advantage of the good luncheon which had been put up for him. The symptoms, as she described them, rather coincided with those of seasickness.

I quote the following from Johnson's "Natural History of the Animal Kingdom," printed in New York in 1867, and largely made up of references from the naturalists of the previous century:

> Among the ancients, the shrew mouse had a very bad reputation. Thus Aristotle declares that its bite is dangerous to horses and other beasts of burden; and that it is more dangerous if the animal be with young. The bite, he says causes boils, and these burst if the shrew mouse be pregnant when she inflicts the wound; but if she be not, they do not burst. Pliny states that the bite of the Italian shrew mouse is venomous. Agricola tells us that its bite in warm regions is generally pestiferous, but that in cold climates it is not—consoling those who may suffer from it that the animal itself, torn asunder or dissected and placed upon the wound, is a remedy for its own venom. It is difficult to account for such widely extended prejudices. It appears that even to our English ancestors this graceful and harmless little animal was also an object of fear and superstition. . . . It seems to have been one of the sacred animals of ancient Egypt, for it is found among the preserved mummies in great numbers. As these are at least three thousand years old, and the skeletons preserved are precisely similar to those of the species now existing, and as these facts coincide with others, naturalists draw the conclusion that the form and structure of most animals are permanent, or at least subject to small modifications.

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Places and Persons

JOFFRE THE TACITURN

By H. A. JULES-BOIS

I HAVE retained an impressive memory of him who was not yet then Marshal Joffre, but only the generalissimo. That was at the beginning of 1916. The French government was sending me to America for the second time. The Minister of War had directed me to the front, before sailing, with the mission of going over the ground to enable me to prepare articles and lectures which would have the ring of reality.

General Joffre addressed me in these simple words: "Look around you, and what you see tell the Americans from your heart." At this period our armies were still immobilized in the trenches. I recall that, before again leaving my country and for her further service, I published in the *Gaulois* an article entitled "The Sublime Mire." As a matter of fact, this goodly soil of France, changed to mud by the rains and by the furor of the cataclysm, grew sublime through the heroism of those to whom it served as a rampart. To have a glimpse of Joffre, to converse and live with our officers and soldiers during days unforgettable though few in number, was inspirational in the highest degree. Even today when it comes back to my memory a surge of emotions and thoughts rises within me. And Joffre appeared the silent animator of this potent patriotic zeal, which welded together all good wills.

One has not forgotten the enthusiastic welcome given Marshal Joffre by New York in May, 1917. What set America aflame in those days was the character of this soldier of democracy. His thickset frame, robustly knit, his clear eyes which observed you from beneath bushy eyebrows, his firm and kindly mouth, his bristling moustache, the cordiality of his manners, his clean-cut, reserved language, demonstrated at once that there was nothing in him of bluster and affectation. Not timid, in fact rather modest, with none of the military tinsel of ancient days. In genuine democracies a truly great man does not need pomp and display in order to command the respect of the masses. They would mistrust him as a charlatan. A hero ought to be simple with naturalness and bonhomie. Americans rate a man not by the costume he wears, but mainly by the deeds he has accomplished.

It is an outstanding fact that Joffre, in tragic circumstances, saved France by his directness, his faith in his country's destiny, his calm and the confidence he did not cease to inspire, as well as by his military talent. Napoleon's impetus he lacked. That kind of genius, moreover, would have been rather out of place in actual strategic and tactic contingencies, requiring, above all, cool-headed calculation and patience. Colonel Repington, then the military critic of the London *Times*, has expressed the following opinion: "Joffre is not at all the type of the 'fair knight' dear to the imagination of romantic girls. He is nothing but a plain soldier, modern and scientific; he is a scientist without the defects of one. Nowadays war is a war of silence and anonymity. It agrees well with Joffre's genius. It is a war of resistance; he who holds out the longer has the upper hand."

Joffre the Taciturn! The Third French Republic, like other parliamentary governments, has been severely upbraided for overindulgence in long speeches. It has, nevertheless, produced silent soldiers. Its army, before the war, was called "La Grande Muette," in contrast with babbling deputies and senators. In peace and especially in war, Joffre stood as "le grand muet." Still more in action did he scorn the hollow music of sonorous sentences, pondering over his plans and maps, aligning columns of men or of figures. By concentration and serenity he could better energize the officers approaching him and the rest of his troops; they realized that the generalissimo stood as a powerful reservoir of thinking vigor and patriotic confidence. Yet, whenever the necessity of speaking arose, he spoke, briefly, strongly, effectively.

It is fitting here to recall some of the memorable sentences from his proclamation of September 6, 1914: "The safety of the country is at stake. . . . We must let ourselves be killed on the spot rather than retreat. . . . No faltering can be tolerated today." Intensely and silently the whole of France, in arms, complied with this order. The result was the victory of the Marne.

This man, outwardly so self-possessed, was born in the south of France. He was a Basque. His country-house is situated at Rivesaltes, not far from Canigou, the snow-covered mountain, which readily symbolizes southern exaltation restrained by winter's frigidity. Alphonse Daudet, himself a Provençal, remarked that no one is bolder and at the same time more cool-blooded than certain southerners. It happens they are like volcanos under glaciers. Joffre's inner fire was not of the devouring type, useless when it is not dangerous. The flame smoldering in this taciturnity was, if I may say so, a disciplined flame, a more intense and beneficent one, concentrative instead of diffuse, producing the large glowing hearth at which hearts were quickened and warmed. A spark of it he imparted to every French soldier and to the whole nation.

Searching the history of France for a figure resembling him, one stops perforce at that of Turenne, like him modest, shrinking and tender-hearted, like him tenacious and reflective. Bossuet said of Marshal Turenne: "It was his habit to wage war without anger, to

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conquer without ambition, to triumph without vanity." The Bishop of Meaux added: "Bolder in deed than in word, inwardly resolute and determined, even when outwardly seemingly embarrassed." And in another place: "Was ever man wiser and more foreseeing who led a war with more of order and judgment; who was more cautious and resourceful, who was more active and more restrained; who better applied all means to their proper end and who let his enterprises mature with more patience?" And finally: "This wisdom maintained that unity of soldiers with their chief which renders an army invincible; it spreads among the troops a spirit of strength, courage and confidence which enables them to do all things." Not a trait noted by Bossuet is missing in Joffre. He is indeed like Turenne.

After the enormous fatigues of the first years of war, at the time when new initiatives were required for a campaign of movement, General Joffre received from the hands of President Poincaré the Marshal's baton and yielded the effective command first to Nivelle, then to Foch. After the war he traveled to Japan and visited the United States a second time. He was received at Washington by President Harding and the Distinguished Service Order of the American Legion was conferred on him.

After that he again wrapped himself in silence. He sought to live unknown—Fabius Cunctator became Cincinnatus. Without flinching he learned the ingratitude of men and the jealousy of rivals—though Foch remained the faithful admirer of his great and good predecessor. Without condescending to polemics, this republican hero heard denied his own desserts for the first battle of the Marne, which he himself had won. He disdained to reply; he already felt himself nearer to God and farther from men. In this still more dignified taciturnity, in this proud modesty in the wounds of this glorious renouncement, a supernal blessing came to him. More and more he was becoming a Christian. Not that he had ever been really an unbeliever; but, in his youth as well as in his maturity, he was not in complete harmony with the great truths of the Gospel and of the Church. He was rather indifferent in matters of religion. The love and devotion of Madame Joffre; cruel experience which reveals to us progressively the nullity of mundane things; sickness which itself is rich in instruction and, in its earthly purgatory, makes us glimpse the first gleam of heaven; the example of the Frères de St. Jean de Dieu, in the hospital in which he had wanted to have his bed of agony; what was in him natively, inherently good, sacrificial and just—all combined to bring him back into the fold.

He received the last sacraments. He died as Foch lived and died. He had desired obscurity, refusing to let any news about his operation be disseminated; though, on the last days, the physicians disobeyed his orders. His remains have solemly crossed the Arc de Triomphe, amid the mourning of a nation. He had preceded Foch in earthly victory, he followed him in the feast of Love Divine.

THE CHURCH IN LIBERIA

By PETER GUILDAY

THE SHOCKING condition of affairs in Liberia, in which it is alleged officials of the government of the republic are involved in maintaining slavery, recalls the high hopes once centered in that far-off asylum of refuge for the free Negroes of the United States, and the tragic events which followed the first two attempts to establish a Catholic mission there. Although the subject of Liberia is not treated in Father Gillard's recent volume, "The Catholic Church and the American Negro" (1929), the story of the foundation of the black republic contains several important pages in American Catholic history.

Liberia owes its origin to the humane efforts of the American Colonization Society, and was organized as a colony between 1811 and 1817, the first group of its citizens being sent from the United States three years later. Its government is modeled on that of the United States, with a President, six Cabinet officers and two houses of legislature, the senators being elected for four years, the representatives for two. There are eight members in the Senate and thirteen in the House of Representatives. Only Negroes have civic rights, though in later years property rights have been granted to white men, including the Catholic missionaries. The republic consists of four counties (one named Maryland) with a coast line of 350 miles and an area of about 40,000 square miles. Monrovia, named in honor of President Monroe, is the chief town and capital and has the only good harbor in the republic. For the first thirty years of its existence, Liberia was governed by the American Colonization Society, of which Charles Carroll of Carrollton was second president from January, 1830, until his death, November 14, 1832.

Although Catholic Negroes from Maryland and other Southern states emigrated to Liberia, active measures to preserve their faith were not taken before 1842. Centuries before this date, however, the west coast of Africa, and Liberia especially, witnessed the heroic labors of Capuchins, Jesuits, Dominicans and secular priests from France and Portugal. Some of the missions were established even before the discovery of America by Columbus. The unhealthy nature of the climate eventually conquered the missionaries, and early in the eighteenth century west Africa was practically abandoned. The attention of the American hierarchy to the Catholic Negroes who had gone from this country to Liberia, was first aroused by Bishop England of Charleston. In a letter to Archbishop Whitfield (Rome, May 14, 1833), he recommended that in the second provincial council (1834) the prelates should seriously consider the creation of a Catholic mission in Liberia. Dr. England believed that secular priests appointed by our bishops could best carry out the work, but the council declined to accept his suggestion and entrusted the Liberian Catholics to the Society of Jesus. The Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide approved this ruling, and negotiations were begun at Rome with the Father-General of the Society to this effect; but the Jesuits here were too badly understaffed in their colleges and parishes to undertake the work. Nothing was done until 1840, when Dr. England again secured the interest of the Holy See in the case, and the Bishops of Philadelphia and New York were asked to appoint volunteers for the mission.

The two priests chosen were Father Edward Barron, vicar-general of Philadelphia, and Father John Kelly, then pastor at Albany. Catholics in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore

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and elsewhere were solicited for help, and sufficient funds for the mission were quickly obtained. With a group of Negroes, a few of whom were Catholics, and with a young white man from Baltimore, Dennis Pindar, who was to serve as catechist in the colony, the two priests sailed from Baltimore on December 21, 1841. While they were on the high seas, Pope Gregory XVI, whose noble stand some years before on the slave trade involved the Papacy in the frenzy of the abolition movement in this country, raised the new mission into a vicariate apostolic and named Father Barron its first vicar, with the title of Bishop of Constantina.

The odds against Bishop Barron and his devoted companion, Father John Kelly, were almost insurmountable. The deadly African fever soon attacked the bishop and for weeks he hovered near death. The American Protestant ministers blocked their efforts at every turn, and the funds brought from the United States to build chapels were soon exhausted. In April, 1842, Bishop Barron returned to this country to secure more money and if possible more priests. Unsuccessful in this latter quest, he went back to Europe and eventually obtained missionary assistance from the newly-created Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, founded by the celebrated Jewish convert, Venerable Francis Libermann. One by one these coworkers succumbed to the fever, and recognizing that the situation was hopeless, Bishop Barron resigned his charge and came back to the United States in 1845. He died while assisting Bishop Gartland during a yellow fever epidemic in Savannah in 1854. Father Kelly preceded the bishop to the United States, being put aboard a vessel bound for America, and became a prominent pastor in Jersey City where he died in 1866.

With Bishop Barron's resignation the American chapter in the Liberian Church comes to an end. The republic was abandoned and the Catholic Negroes were left to their fate from 1845 to 1884, when the second attempt to establish a mission took place. Only two Catholics were found in Monrovia when the Fathers of the Holy Ghost began their labors in 1884, and two years later the mission was again abandoned. Immigration from the United States ceased after the Civil War and interest in the colony practically died out. In 1903, the Holy See created a prefecture apostolic in the republic and a band of missionaries of the Society of Mary took up the work. Three years later they too had to give up, and the prefecture was turned over to the Father of the African Mission Society of Lyons. Eventually (1912), Liberia became one of the special missions of the Irish branch of the Lyons Society, and since that time, owing to such improvements as roads, sanitation and means of travel, the Church has made considerable progress. The last available statistics give the Catholic population as around eight thousand (converts and catechumens) in a total population of over seventeen thousand. This first page in American Catholic missionary endeavor, although it tells the tragic story of failure, will always merit a place in our history.

Monotone

In the cold night, on the frozen lake
The stars fall but cannot break
The onyx mirror. Silence spends
Its long moments where the willow bends
Her tousled head like a giant's daughter
Who dares to drink the solid water.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

I LOVE SAINT PETER

Loogootee, Ind.

TO the Editor: May I be permitted to register a protest against a sentence in an article in your issue of January 14? The columns of THE COMMONWEAL, liberal though they rightly are and open to the free expression of the views of "various man," should not be too open; a Catholic periodical can become too latitudinarian, can lean a little too far toward liberalism.

The article, otherwise wholly excellent, is that by Helen Walker Homan and the particular sentence I object to is the very last. It is regrettable that a paper filled with the harmony of high charity should end with a raucous note of implacable hate.

My first thought was that the lady was recording the latter-day dislike of women for men, hoisting a little red pennant of feminine revolt. The title of the paper stood over against this. "I Love Saint Peter" is proof of the absence of all-embracing hatred of the things masculine; the explanation of the hate of the last sentence lies elsewhere.

Perhaps the lady is lazy, likes to sleep mornings, dislikes all early morning noises: the lowing of cattle, grunting of swine, braying of asses, barking of dogs, the rattle of milk wagons, furnace shaking, train whistling, street car roaring, all the clatter of a newly wakened world.

It may be she hates male boisterousness, or boasting, or the grotesqueness of male bugle blowing, or the too flagrant display of animal spirits or animal appetites. Would it not be well to remember that running parallel are correlative feminine exaggerations: public preening, cackling, squawking, pointless, causeless, endless complaining? Well, too, to recall as explanatory of much of man's ridiculousness—the ubiquitous fact that the hen eggs men on.

If this sounds a bit barnyardish, the terrible hatred of that last sentence occasions it: "I've always hated chickens and all barnyard fowl; and as for cock-crow—I simply detest it!"

I confess to a dislike of chickens *sub specie cibi*. After a score of years in the chicken belt I cannot tolerate them. But I submit that chickens, male or female, are not without attractiveness. The male at times is lovable, droll, not unhumorous; consider the roguish sidelong glance in his unfocusable side-set eyes, his boyish bluster, his frequent readiness to cut and run stance. True, he is a bit ridiculous in his moments of braggadocio, or when he struts, or posits himself for a good crow, stretching his neck to force out that last hardly released "oo." He has generosity or its verisimilitude, as when he calls favorite ladies of his flock to share the spoils of his hunting in the teeming grass; he has courage—you have seen him excitedly leaping in and out to seize panicky fat worms that spurt like fountains before the upheaving earthquake of a busily burrowing mole.

The hen is not unlovable. Is there in all this world anything more attractive than the chicks whose plaintive "peep, peep" will soon be heard at railroad stations as they begin their spring hegira to repopulate the world? That "peep" will shrill through the temperate zone, heralding the ending of winter, announcing the coming of the south wind and the resurgence of the spring. The downy yellow chick stands as the symbol of the year's most joyous festival, the day of hope, the day which the Lord has made.

The hen and her product, the egg, have moved intellects as wide and as deep as the sea, shaking and stirring them to their

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utmost bounds, to their deepest depths: Aristotle, Plato, Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas, doubtless many scientists in their saner moments, have pondered, perhaps to cock-crow, which was first, the hen or the egg? Thus she has led men to the thought which lies at the root of all philosophies, the causelessness of the First Cause—the thought that many are only now returning to, for long they traveled the arcs of concentric circles, as one might trace the petal edges of some gigantic geometric flower; but at last they seem to follow down where all these circles meet, to the center where lies truth and the Church and God. It is appalling to consider that light-blindness that keeps men wheeling near yet never reaching light, that one-eared deafness that prevents them from hearing and orienting themselves to the Voice that is calling, "Here is truth." It is a bit pitiable to see them going the long way round to God; chasing the atom or the electron through the maze of mechanism, monism, materialism, dualism, humanism; groping through mathematics to say rather childishly, at last, that beyond mathematics is a Mathematician, or through physics to say there is a great Physicist; after so long a time to learn from light and radiation that there is something to the primordial "Fiat lux." I submit it is no small glory for the hen to have been the subject-matter of the root of thought. In passing, it may be said that the hen or her product, the egg, has been at the bottom of another truth that has shaken the world of thought, *omne vivum ex ovo,* and the corollary of this, *ovum vivum e Deo Vivo.*

Another thing, the Master did not hate fowls, for he likened Himself to a brooding hen under whose all-covering wings the children of Jerusalem and all the children of men might cuddle: "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathers her chicks."

It is wrong exegesis (the lady could be delated to Rome) to infer that the famous chanticleer who occupied so large a place in the Gospel narrative, attaining to immortality such that he is mentioned wherever the Gospel is preached, is in any way to be reprehended for marking the lapse of poor Saint Peter. His office then, as from the foundation of the world, was to clock the movement of the stars; he, as other chanticleers from time immemorial, but called the watches of the night, passing the word so welcome: "The morning comes."

I can understand rational hates. Thus I understand how one can hate jazz, futurism, cubism, insane philosophies, mannish women, coal-roughened fingers handling silk, finger-nails drawn over concrete, gnashing of teeth, the sepulchral clack, clack of oversized uppers or lowers, or Christmas—the horrid radio Christmas of our day, beginning in November, "And now folks [I hate 'folks,' I hate it] the Insanity Trio will sing 'Holy Night' or [or 'Adeste Fideles'], then we will ask you to go with Santa Claus to see the bargains in the hosiery or lingerie section on the first floor."

But I do not see how anyone can sincerely hate the noble lady who moves along the living grass clucking warnings at the passing of every unfamiliar shadow, hovering over her weary chicks, protecting them with foolish though generous selflessness against sudden summer showers. I do not understand hatred for her noble consort who notes the passage of the sun and stars in their sweeping journeyings toward eternity, or voices unceasing wonder at the recurring miracle of dawn, heralding the rising sun and commemorating daily at Lauds that first morning when "the spirit of God moved over the waters, and God said: *Fiat lux et lux erat.*"

I think that the lady is using a species of psychological transference. What she really detests is clocks, particularly alarm clocks. If this be true, *hoc est aliud.*

Rev. Joseph Clancy.

A WALK WITH JANUARY

Limerick, Me.

To the Editor: I note that in the delightful article on a winter walk in your issue of December 31, Mr. Walker says the purple finch is "purple only in name" and he wonders where the nomenclator found a speck of purple about it. If he will look in the dictionary he will find that color defined as any combination of red and violet from carmine to red-violet. The real purple of mediaeval and ancient times was carmine, crimson, deep red, a dye obtained from the murex and so costly that it was held fit for kings only. Mr. Walker describes the purple finch exactly when he says it looks like an English sparrow treated with dull red paint. This dull crimson-red is what used to be called purple; the color known by that name in modern times is more properly violet or mauve, which of course is not the color of the purple finch or any other bird I happen to remember, though there are purple lights in the feathers of the grackle, some pigeons and some ducks.

This article mentions the meadow-lark appreciatively. I wonder if you ever heard two translations of the song of this bird. One from Connecticut, "Oh, my poor children!" And another from Nebraska, "O Lord, my feet are cold!" Another amusing translation of a bird song is that of the "brown thrasher or "plantin' bird": "Dig a hole, dig a hole, put 'im in, put 'im in, cover 'im up, cover 'im up, quick, *quick,* QUICK!"

Louise Lamprey.

THE OBSOLETE SALOON

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editor: "What's in a Name? That which we call a . . . ." In the issue of December 31 appears the sentence: "Some places, in summer-time, keep the door open and swinging, so that the passerby can see the bartender, shirt and apron, mixing a Tom and Jerry for some equally obvious customer."

Against this anachronism I protest with vehemence. "Tom and Jerry" is for winter. Its steaming fumes, nutmeg-laden, bespeak the Yuletide. It is to Christmas what bock beer is to Easter. Interchangeable? (Unhappily) Never!

This opinion is delivered with authority, for the objector claims an instep that has grooved the brass-rail with the surety of a broncho-buster in the stirrup, and an elbow that gracefully resting upon the mahagony has supported the body for hours while subjects of great pith and moment have been settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, even to the diplomatic Ganymede, who thought more of the clock's fleeting hands than of the gems of wisdom dispensed in the lyceum of the glorious institution which you in your editorial prove to be not defunct.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you meant "Tom Collins."

George A. Franklin.

Pittsfield, Mass.

To the Editor: In your leading editorial, "The Obsolete Saloon," in the issue of December 31, you discuss a subject of profound interest to the rum-minded everywhere. In it you say, "Some places, in summer-time, keep the door open and swinging, so that the passerby can see the bartender, shirt and apron, mixing a Tom and Jerry for some equally obvious customer." Now, all the rum-hounds with whom I have been able to communicate in this neck of the woods say that Tom and Jerry is a distinctly winter drink in which hot water plays a prominent part—that no gentleman ever would think of ordering one, much less mixing one, in the good old summer-time. If I am wrong in this, I hope you will stop me.

Joseph Hollister.

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Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: Your editorial, "The Obsolete Saloon," in your current issue, in my opinion, does not speak truly when you claim the "speakeasy" of today is as bad as the saloon of years past.

1. The speakeasy is not as open and flagrantly offensive a lure as an enticement to men to drink.

2. It has no ladies' entrance and is not as much a lure to lust.

3. It is not a lure to the little girl sent by the parent for liquor.

This last perhaps was the most infamous feature of the saloon. The saloon-keeper (not all of them did so) who gave liquor to the child was the most atrocious citizen we had.

PATRICK JAMES O'KEEFE.

THINGS I HAVE MISSED

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL, I was attracted by a splendid paper entitled "Things I Have Missed," by Genevieve Garvan Brady. It dealt with the Girl Scout movement, in which I have been interested for a long time, and voiced my regret that I too had missed many things. The paper throbbed with interest—vibrant with thoughts of the great outdoors—and made one acquainted with the aims and ideals of Girl Scouting, while it dislodged the notion one might get of the lessons taught, as making youth hoydenish and of a "saucy roughness."

I was also glad to know the Catholic viewpoint as regards this popular innovation. I consider Mrs. Brady's paper a Girl Scout classic, and it would not be amiss to have it displayed in our classrooms.

With bodily training made so interesting, mental pursuits must perforce keep pace. Who would not study harder, on a sunny afternoon, knowing that the lesson well and speedily learned brings at its close the alluring reward of a tramp in the woods, a nutting party, perhaps a chance to use the new scout knife to cut birch boughs—even a passing glimpse of the gorgeous red bird, the cardinal, as he wings his way into the gathering western dusk? Even I, were I permitted to join the happy Scouts, might hear a late lark singing!

Trusting to have more papers on Scouting, I for one thank the author for her enlightening contribution.

ROSE MCGRAW.

THE GLORIES OF POLAND

Kalamazoo, Mich.

TO the Editor: As a constant reader of THE COMMONWEAL I was pleased to learn of G. N. Shuster's visit of investigation to Central Europe, and then to read his articles. Seeing that he is inclined to historical reminiscences, perhaps he could be induced to recall some of the glories of Poland's valiant defense against Turks and Russian Bolshevists.

Since he writes of Teutonic Knights, why not something about the almost unknown figure of Saint Adalbert, the Czech missionary to the Poles and Prussians, also indirectly to the Magyars?

A few lines about the recent work of Archbishop Kordac of Prague, and that Christian leader, Father Hlinka of Slovakia, would be pleasing and informative to many. Does Mr. Shuster speak the Slovak, Czech or Polish languages?

I remain an admirer of your Catholic and just journalism.

R. A. SLABY.

"CASTI CONUBII"

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor: The attitude of the Catholic Church, as clearly emphasized by the Pontiff at Rome, concerning the sanctity of marriage, criticism of birth control and kindred subjects, is sufficiently important to encourage churches of every denomination to consider the question along similar lines, if we are to maintain our nation on the high moral plane to which it is entitled, by the principles inculcated in our constitution.

If less selfish motives prompted the marriages and separations of many of our people, with a thought concerning the future of children affected by the arrangement uppermost in mind, I feel sure that many misunderstandings could be corrected, to reduce divorces to a minimum and permit children to progress in a favorable environment. This requires parental control, or at least good suggestive influences.

The marriage of those who are interrelated does not tend to provide for an intelligent issue, and the probability of many marriages of this nature, if frequent divorces continue, appears to call for a concerted action by all Christian churches, or sects, who believe in the opinion of the Catholic clergy on this subject.

As we are living in an age that the war changed from its natural course, it remains for the churches and the law to establish a basic principle upon which the structure of our American ideals may be strengthened, and to preserve the constitution from forces antagonistic to its teachings or institutions. The chief menace is a lowered moral tone, that frequent divorces, birth control and similar questions will effect, if not reasonably restricted or controlled.

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor: Contemplating the publication in its entirety of the encyclical, "Casti Conubi," one is struck and at once pleased by the space devoted to it in our daily newspapers. Certainly, formal papal pronunciamentos printed in the booklet form were not so widely read as those given out recently—and were discussed, perhaps, even less.

There has been aroused the to-be-expected adverse criticism, and doubtless more will follow, but this is important—that the reigning Pontiff has caught the attention of the world.

ELSIE A. GALIK.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Kindly advise where papal encyclicals may be had or purchased. Are they in English or Latin, or Italian? Is there any collection of recent ones issued? I have never seen them advertised, or in the library.

JOSEPH JOHNS.

A number of the papal encyclicals are published by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.—The Editors.

THE MIRROR OF THE MONTHS

Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Amid a murk of *Mercurys* (that of H. L. M.) one stands out, a veritable jewel on the toad's head—that which contained Ralph Adams Cram's "White Cities." Thus the value of the imaginative power, that "highest sanity of the mind." In a much less distinctive manner, the articles of Sheila Kaye-Smith make notable several of your issues. Great is the poet—true redeemer of our day.

W. J. HANNA.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Truth Game

IT IS quite refreshing to run into an occasional comedy that thoroughly justifies its existence without recourse to the current vulgarity of the theatre. Ivor Novello has written, and acts in, this quite trivial and consistently amusing comedy of misunderstandings. It gets off to an original start and keeps up a merry pace until within about ten minutes of the last curtain—at which time one must settle down to await the working out of certain obvious conclusions. This, however, is the fate of most of the last acts in most of the reasonably good comedies. It is particularly noticeable in "The Truth Game" only because of the distinctly superior quality of the first two acts.

Mr. Novello seems to have caught the essence of true comedy. He is simple—in the same sense that the Quintero brothers are simple in their Spanish sketches. He does not yield to the superstition of most of the modern writers that infidelity is the only thing at which audiences will laugh. He seems to believe that people are still amused and pleased by a simple love story, by the sundry foibles of leisurely people, by the hinted pathos of lives that are just a bit awry and need some vigorous straightening. And, of course, he is right in that belief. In spite of all the sophisticated filth that has been spread over our stage in the last few years, it is still true that a very large proportion of the most marked successes have been simple and unaffected plays, enlivened by wit and keen character observation and depending not in the least on questionable themes. This is so true, and so generally forgotten in discussions of the current theatre, that a brief haphazard recalling of a few names might be well to the point.

We have had an amazingly successful play like "Holiday" from Philip Barry, a whole series from George Kelly, including "The Show Off," "Daisy Mayme," "Craig's Wife" and his latest, "Philip Goes Forth," and at least one convulsing comedy from Martin Flavin, "Broken Dishes." We have had "Cradle Song" by Sierra, several delightful bits by the Quintero brothers, "Caponsacchi" and "Cyrano" in the romantic vein, "The Dybbuk" in mystical melodrama, not to mention a long list of plays which have frankly come to grips with the more serious aspects of life, but with an underlying sincerity of approach which gave them an honest maturity. Right in the current list, "Green Pastures" heads the list of long runs, followed by Craven's "That's Gratitude" and Joe Cook's clean-cut musical show, "Fine and Dandy." "Bird in Hand" is starting a new engagement after a previous long run, "Philip Goes Forth" promises well, and the present play, "The Truth Game," shows no signs whatever of "box-office anaemia." All in all, one's faith in public judgment can only be strengthened by such a retrospective glance. I think it is also fair to state that hardly a single play of the last few years has been a financial success simply because of its cynical or sneering implications. Almost any long-lived play of this sort to which you can point can show one or more of the other qualities essential to success—really clever writing, a strain of real sincerity mixed with the trash, some outstandingly good acting and direction or a timely note of well directed satire. Just as many filthy plays as decent ones have gone the road to the warehouse—and in both cases for the same reason. They were not good plays or they were not well produced.

I have made this considerable digression for two well-defined reasons. First of all, to emphasize the good company in which "The Truth Game" belongs and, secondly, to contribute what mite I can toward clearing the hysteria with which good people often discuss our present-day theatre. Mr. Novello and his play illustrate the happiest mood of the theatre today—the theatre given over to one of its primary purposes, sheer entertainment. There is nothing particularly novel in his story, although it is bright and fresh in the manner of telling. The characters are clearly drawn and presented in gay hues. The acting is so far above the average that you are apt to have the whole play linger longer in your mind than its inconsequential theme. The play is no masterpiece, neither is it commonplace. It lacks the distinction of a Barry comedy, and it is slightly more artificial and traditionally theatrical than a Kelly sketch. But it is quick, spontaneous and gay, tinged slightly with popular romance, helped vastly by a slightly whimsical touch, and so utterly unpretentious throughout that you just cannot help liking it.

The excellent casting has much to do with the final result. Mr. Novello has not refrained from creating a fat part for himself—a somewhat sad and lonely young man who happens to know that his cousin's charming widow must give up her fortune if she marries again, and that he, Clement Browne, will then receive that fortune. The natural solution is that he himself should marry the widow, solving two people's problems at one stroke. But the whole matter becomes vastly complicated when he discovers what an utterly nice person that widow is, and that he is falling genuinely in love with her. How to win her without having all his motives misunderstood becomes his problem during the play. She does not know his identity, of course, and his task is made no easier by the fact that she quite ardently loves her independence and is not at all anxious, at first, to marry a poor man and, through losing her inheritance, to live the rest of her life in a garret. Phoebe Foster plays the part of the widow, Rosine Browne, and has never had a better chance to show her delightfully sympathetic and versatile qualities.

Miss Billie Burke, co-starred with Mr. Novello, makes a huge success of a character who remains quite outside of the main current of the story—one Evelyn Brandon who indulges in that growingly popular form of business which consists in sending one's friends to certain shops and collecting a 10 percent commission from the shops. Evelyn Brandon extends this lucrative principle to real estate as well, and to match-making, with a percentage of the marriage settlement. She manages it all with engaging frankness and charm—until her 10 percent is woven into every phase of the story like a theme song! Incidentally, her house party is made the excuse for introducing one splendidly drawn character in the person of the awkward Lady Joan Culver, who is eventually married off (for "10 percent") to a washing-machine manufacturer with a purchased title. Viola Tree's astonishing characterization of Lady Joan is one of the delectable bits of the play. As for Mr. Novello—he knows his own abilities, and so provides a part for himself at once whimsical, eccentric and sincere. His conversation with a small kitten at the end of the first scene is one of the most ingenious methods I have seen of initiating the audience into a real character hidden under a mask. It surrounds the whole play with a pleasant warmth. (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

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Anatol

WRITTEN in the full vein of continental cynicism and sophistication, Arthur Schnitzler's "Anatol" might conceivably lay claim to only one redeeming feature—its brittle and stabbing exposure of the Don Juan type of character, of the vaulting egotism, of the false sentimentality and of the love of self as reflected in others for which the Don has become the supreme earthly symbol. But even this claim is doubly vitiated —first by Schnitzler's own play construction which is, for the most part, obvious and heavy-handed, and secondly by the acting of Joseph Schildkraut as Anatol.

Nothing could better illustrate the real difference between art and mere cleverness than the wide gulf which separates Rostand's "Last Night of Don Juan" from Schnitzler's "Anatol." The distinction reminds one a bit of the famous law suit in which "Abie's Irish Rose" was compared in theme to "Romeo and Juliet"! Schnitzler's play is just about the "Abie's Irish Rose" of the "Don Juan" theme—a brief recounting in tabloid scenes, and in ironic mood, of the amours and disillusionments of Anatol. Four out of the six incidents are based on a single monotonous formula—the things that Anatol's egotism leads him to expect as against the harsh realities he encounters, in most cases with the moral pointed or hinted by Max, Anatol's guide, counselor and much amused friend. A fifth incident is merely Anatol's unsuccessful effort to disembarrass himself from an adoring lady on the morning of his wedding. The sixth is the only scene with a touch of real artistry and subtlety in the handling—Anatole's meeting on Christmas eve, under an arcade, with one of the few ladies of Vienna who had resisted his approaches. But the whole point of that scene comes with the lady's admission that she slightly regrets her fidelity—a perfectly bald situation glossed over chiefly by the perfection of Patricia Collinge's acting.

Mr. Schildkraut adds much to the sense of obviousness by his acting, which makes Anatol about as glamorous as a wooden soldier on parade. Fierce gestures and violent outbursts hardly convey the true inwardness of the Don Juan character, which is bound at all times to be ingratiating if only to give pleasure to itself. It luxuriates in its own pathos, is the best audience for its own drama, the keenest flatterer of its own wit, the richest comforter of its own sadness, the most astonished witness of its own failure. Don Juan is a fool and is burdened with all the uncreative futility of self-love; but he is seldom an obvious fool. Schnitzler and Schildkraut have conspired to make Anatol a self-advertised bounder, which quite misses the whole point. The best part of the current revival, aside from the all too brief glimpse of Miss Collinge and the constant suavity of Walter Connolly as the friend, is its stage setting by Jo Mielziner. Vienna lives again in the glamorous illusions he has prepared. (At the Lyceum Theatre.)

Colonel Satan

I WISH to utter a word of lament for the too early passing of a brave though not wholly adequate attempt to revive romantic drama. Booth Tarkington's "Night in the Life of Aaron Burr" was never quite another "Monsieur Beaucaire." But it had many excellent scenes and moments. At times it caught the old glamor. Jessie Royce Landis and McKay Morris gave memorable performances. It suffered unduly at the hands of the critics. It missed its goal by only a hair's breadth. But the current mood demands great romance or none at all. The merest shadow of the cynic hung over the character of Burr as drawn by Tarkington. And in romance, that will not do. It leaves the heart untouched and the story an abstraction.

BOOKS

Thunder without Light

God without Thunder, by John Crowe Ransom. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE TITLE of this volume might have been "Thunder without God." It is a treatise which says much about science and more about religion. The author confesses lack of advanced scholarship in either branch of learning. The reviewer is inclined to agree.

Professor Ransom finds orthodox Christianity about to be superseded. The doctrine of the stern and inscrutable God of Israel is being replaced by "an amiable and understandable God." Such a God has popularly developed out of the Christ of the New Testament, "the embodiment mostly of the principle of social benevolence and of physical welfare." This new religion is for the author fundamentally irreligious and secular in its doctrine and works, and therefore well adapted to win the approval of modern science. He insists that "you cannot have a religion without a God." Correctly enough he indicates the indefinite and unsatisfying character of the Washington Agreement of 1923 signed by some forty-five scientists, clergymen, educators and men of affairs. Here science promised not to be offensively materialistic; religion vowed it would not be mediaeval, though it is exceedingly doubtful if the signers had clear notions on the scientific, philosophical and theological implications of the terms used. In a word, let science cultivate knowledge, and religion guard morality. Why be too exacting about the nature of God? Use the name of God reverently, but with a polite vagueness of meaning. The author notes that "there were no Roman priests [sic!] among the clericals who signed the Washington Agreement of 1923."

What would Professor Ransom have written into the agreement? The important task of religion is "to develop a suitable supernaturalism, a theology, or a system of myths, upon the scientific knowledge of nature as its base." Religious doctrines are myths attempting to express superscientific or supernatural truths, "but not necessarily anti-scientific or unnatural." Strange as it may seem, forty-four pages on the author writes: "I believe that religious myths, including those of the Bible, are unhistorical and unscientific, precisely as our gallant historians and higher critics have recently discovered; but that their unhistorical and unscientific character is not their vice but their excellence, and that it certainly was their intent." What then is a myth? "A myth is frankly a fable: it calmly alleges a miracle or impossible occurrence: it is a *tour de force* which intends to take its representation of the object out of the fatal confinement of science and routine." Religion, then, becomes a system of helpful myths.

The following are some typical passages chosen at random to indicate the many inaccurate and absurd conclusions which help fill this volume:

"If you have no Satan in your system, you make God the Author of evil. If you have a Satan, you may clear God, but you make a serious invasion upon His omnipotence." "The myths are therefore the frank development of the metaphysical principles. . . . The psychology of myth-persistence is the psychology of religion." "'I believe in God the Father Almighty, and His Only-begotten Son, Our Lord, Who was crucified, dead, and buried. . . .' That is a genuine dogma, a myth with a content." "The anthropologists are quite correct in charging that the savage who beats his idol in order to compel it, or who puts food upon the ground in order to persuade

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it, is acting with precisely the same intelligence as the modern man who thinks he secures a physical blessing by prayer, baptism, offering, or ceremony under the forms supposed to be sanctioned by His God. . . . "

"Christ also is the Demigod, the Man God, Who represents the highest human development—but observe how He refuses to try to be God." "Christ was a subordinate figure in the early Christian Godhead. He is now become, or at least He is rapidly becoming, the whole Godhead." "Christ is the spirit of the scientific and ethical secularism of the West." "Industrialism is the effect of Christianity that has elevated the Man-God to the throne of Jehovah, and made of Christ the temporal Messiah that He intended not to be. . . . "

"Goodness and evil, after all, mean only the tractability or intractability of objects to our desire." "The Holy Ghost is but a ghost. . . . He is quite the supreme ghost if we compare Him with the others . . . He is a better Comforter than other ghosts." "So God in His fullness, whether Holy Ghost, Concrete Universal or Spirit of Truth, is the God Whom we can never familiarly nor intelligibly possess. And this is doubtless the only real God there is. Certainly this is the only God we can ever really love." "The history of the Western world is a history of political separation from the Roman Church, which is now definitely a rejected polity (as well as a faith), and against which we have for a good many generations cultivated a powerful antagonism." "Let him [the modern man] resist the usurpation of the Godhead by the soft modern version of the Christ, and try to keep the Christ for what He professes to be: the Demigod Who came to do honor to the God."

Science is godless. Religion must be fabulous. Your choice, an agnostic scientist or a pious fanatic. Some who know the philosophy of science and the science of philosophy, both crowned by rationally grounded supernaturalism, will adore the True God and His Christ, known by reason, faith and love. What a rational and spiritual feast the intellectualism of Saint Thomas and the mysticism of Saint Teresa afford, after an effort to consume such a concoction as the author serves in this volume!

JOHN S. MIDDLETON.

A Servant of the State

Henry White: Thirty Years of American Diplomacy, by Allan Nevins. New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

ELMER DAVIS pointed out recently a misleading use of the phrase, "career diplomat." Our first envoys, the Adams men for example, or Franklin, made true diplomatic careers and were the better able to do so having taken part in the construction of the nation and government they represented abroad. They spoke with authority and first-hand knowledge, and stand out thereby as true types of the perfect ambassador. Again, as Elmer Davis points out, very nearly a century of Jacksonian methods elapsed before it became apparent that a special training was necessary to take the place of that first-hand knowledge and authority which made our early representatives more complete than many that have come since.

Some men, even before government turned attention to that need, began individual careers in diplomacy, unofficially, against great handicaps, but successfully. Henry White belongs to these, and William Woodville Rockhill. Unfortunately Rockhill (one of the most interesting of all of them) has left very little for a book, and his own style is heavy. Henry White has found an excellent biographer and is saved by him as the dean of modern "career" diplomats, although he always stood outside

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the cadre of those so styled later, whose careers have been made safe for them by legislation.

Henry White, as his biographer records, "had the ability to become what Roosevelt called the most useful man in the entire diplomatic service." Exposed, as everyone else was in the service, to the whims or intrigues of politicians and of climbers in the service at home, he set himself to know so intimately the men in European capitals with whom he might be called on to negotiate in a problematical future career, that presidents and secretaries of state were obliged to call him into all important negotiations. To say that "he was America's ablest professional diplomat" means that "Harry" White, a very simple, kindly and straightforward Maryland gentleman (with all that word implies), was so well liked by all who knew him in Europe, and his common sense and honesty were so trusted, that he could not be ignored in spite of all efforts to do so at home. It does not mean that there was anything scheming or Machiavellian about him. He was what an American diplomatist ought to be: a man of high standards, standing on quite equal terms with anybody—friendly and sympathetic always to those among whom it was his duty to safeguard American interests, conciliatory and clear in his own mind as to the best way to compromise when fundamental and irreconcilable interests clashed. It may not be out of place to mention that his son, now in the professional service, shows the same qualities, and it is to be hoped, with the same results in his latter years.

Henry White's "ability" lay in attaching to himself personal friendship and confidence reacting on his official relations. Wherever he was stationed, he was part of the innermost circle. He was identified with London and Paris from 1865 to 1926; he never needed to discuss anything officially for he never was on "official terms" with the men in government with whom he had grown to maturity. He did not have to be "trained" for he brought everything with him that he needed in his public service.

There have been conflicting views in the Department of State as to the proper training of professional diplomats. One school deplores intimate personal relations and commends aloofness, a sort of Olympian detachment ridiculous in the very young and fatuous in the elderly. It is supposed to be the ideal attitude of the impartial and critical observer. It presupposes omniscience, however, which is exceedingly rare in diplomatists (as it is in others) and is never congenital. It is rarely acquired by the mere fact of appointment to be acting assistant deputy vice-consul, or even to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary. During much of Henry White's self-made career, personal intimacies with foreign statesmen were distrusted as rather un-American. There was a feeling that foreigners were engaged always in "putting something over" on us; and that to be friendly with them meant that one had become their dupe and tool. No doubt international diplomacy does often run that way, but, in the opinion of this reviewer, with much less chance of success if the men engaged in that pastime know each other thoroughly, and with no chance of success if a man is respected as well as liked. There are other examples of the same thing: old Mr. Vignaud in Paris for instance; or Sheldon Whitehouse, recently appointed minister in Central America, who went to school at Eton, lived for years in Paris and had family connections at the Russian court, so that everywhere he went in Europe he was at home.

To read this biography of Henry White is to make one of those rare American contacts (increasingly rare in the past half-century) with all those intimacies of court and chancelry

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NEXT WEEK

"Spain far from being on the brink of disintegration is about to evolve a new ideal of civilization," says Robert Sencourt in SPAIN'S PRESENT CONDITION. This is truly a fascinating article about a colorful people and shows that the revolutions reported from Spain are after all only small and superficial outbreaks, and tells of the benefits of the dictatorship, chief among which was the suppression of murderers who were paralyzing industry. . . . After reading THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY, by Karl F. Herzfeld, one may not yet be one of the dozen who fully understand the theory, but one will certainly have a much better general idea of it—and also more respect for it. Dr. Herzfeld is one of the directors of the physics laboratory at Johns Hopkins University and combines a scholarly knowledge of the subject with a clear use of language. . . . A homely and amusing picture of the benefits and some of the trouble brewed by books in a far away and small community, is drawn by Anna Kelly in THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY IN IRELAND. . . . The Fourth of July celebration in Paris in 1917 marking the arrival of the first American military contingent, which was immortalized with the happy phrase, "LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE!" is told by Justin McGrath, including the bombardment of embraces that fell on the brave soldier who conceived and uttered the phrase until he fled from an old fellow with a great shock of whiskers. . . . POLO'S LITTLE THEATRE, by Herbert Reed (Right Wing) describes interestingly the sport of indoor polo. . . . A DECADE OF EQUAL RIGHTS, by Josephine McGowan who is a practical political worker and a lecturer on the subject of women in politics, tells of the realities which women are beset with in pursuing their idea of suffrage rights, an ideal which was not achieved but only started with the gaining of the right to vote.

which make European diplomatic memoirs so fascinating to Americans. There are most interesting anecdotes throughout which illustrate the informality of his relations with European leaders, as for example, his accidental meeting with Clemenceau at Buenos Aires, when the old Tiger "thought aloud" for an hour and forty minutes before a great audience, upon democracy "originated with the Greeks, crushed by the Romans, kept faintly alive during the dark ages by the monks in their monasteries, disappearing completely . . . until its reappearance in America"; and seeing White in the audience, addressed him by name.

White was heart and soul a Roosevelt man, and it was wise even it he had not been, to hold closely to Roosevelt's personal following, for Roosevelt rewarded personal loyalty with royal lavishness. He represents, however, the glamorous diplomatic service which attracts young recruits. He represents the rewards of the service rather than the years of preparatory work in less brilliant surroundings. He represents the European idea of London and Paris as the only diplomatic centers that count, in opposition to the Cleveland-Olney (and, apparently, the Stimson-Hoover) theory that the same characteristics, the same personal intimacies and experience and the same common sense that distinguished Henry White are of vital importance also in our relations with the rest of Europe and with Asia. One of his characteristics that might well serve as a model to future generations of young diplomats was the simplicity and sincerity of his good manners. He was never pompous, never affected, simply that very high type of man—an American gentleman.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Confessions of a Reconstructionist

War, Politics and Reconstruction, by Henry Clay Warmoth. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

AS DRAMATIC and, it is now recognized, as important a period in American history as ever passed was that called "Reconstruction," from 1865 to 1877. It did not merely give anarchy to the Southern states or deal with the Negro's right to vote; it permanently cast into form the hitherto nebulous thing called American citizenship and directed the future growth of the United States. Its history has had the misfortune of being written from two diametrically opposite and equally false standpoints. At first the innocent Union soldiers and the saintly blacks were massacred by horrendous ex-rebels headed by the Ku Klux Klan and bent on regoverning the United States through "Southern brigadiers." In the recent reaction the meek and downtrodden Southerners were made the prey of equally horrendous villains from the North. As the later writers can write better, the ultimate form of history is more likely to follow them than the coarser and less probable Republican dime-novelists of the sixties and seventies. If ever the truth emerges, "God's in His heaven and all's right with the world."

For several years the Democratic dime-novelists have had it all their own way. It so happens that ex-Governor Warmoth of Louisiana is in all likelihood the last survivor of the demoniac Republicans who will ever write from personal knowledge. He is eighty-eight years old and was twice elected governor of one of the worst-governed Southern states, by the votes of Negroes, Union soldiers and renegade Confederates (the latter two classes being known at that time respectively as "carpet-baggers" and "scalawags"). He is as full of fight as ever, and makes out a dim but good case. Unfortunately he is so anxious to justify himself that the reader has to reconstruct

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for himself the real truth, which is neither "rebel" nor "Yankee."

One solid fact does emerge, though Warmoth does not mention it. It is plainly evident from his pages that there was no such sharp division between the carpetbaggers and the downtrodden Southerners as both sides, alternately, have insisted. Louisiana, except for South Carolina, was the worst governed and the most thoroughly looted of the ex-Confederate states, and was in such an unsightly condition that it is no wonder party lines crossed. That they did cross is evident from such a fact as that Negroes and ex-Confederates united to defeat either the Radical or the Conservative Republicans, who in turn united with Negroes and Confederates to keep their hold. Warmoth claims to have been one of the Conservatives, that is, those Republicans who intended to avert Negro domination and, as the majority of those graft-hunting among the Negroes generally opposed him, he probably was. But it is strange to find Warmoth quoting Governor McEnery —a Democrat, whom in the shifting of party lines he had supported—saying: "Warmoth is the central figure of the period of the Negro domination. He is their idol—the demi-god of the uneducated Negro, who looks upon Warmoth as the Moses to lead him to the Promised Land."

Whether McEnery spoke truly or not, Warmoth did appoint Confederates to office and did bolt the renomination of Grant and support a Democratic and Conservative Republican mixed ticket headed by McEnery. Among his appointees was General Longstreet, though he appointed many other Confederates —and Negroes. It is also evident that he opposed the worst element among the carpetbaggers, headed by such men as Pinchback and Kellogg and backed by President Grant. At times there were two governments in Louisiana, and when both failed Grant simply failed to recognize any government and left Louisiana to years of chaos and anarchy, from which it was rescued by Hayes. The story of the South's rescue from the reign of terror will not be written until the full story comes out of the bargain by which Hayes got the Presidency and the worst-governed Southern states their local governments. Hayes got the Presidency by one vote, which the Louisiana carpetbaggers furnished; upon which he or his representatives conceded to the Democrats the state governments of Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida and withdrew the troops upon which Grant had relied. Probably, if the story is ever written, it will turn out that Ben Hill of Georgia and James A. Garfield of Ohio were the chief players in the deal by which civil war was averted, Hayes inaugurated, and the South saved from a rot-gut government. One was a Democrat, the other a Republican, and the deal was made behind a curtain.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Religion's Contact Man

American Religion as I See It Lived, by Burris Jenkins. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

DR. BURRIS JENKINS is pastor of the Linwood Community Church in Kansas City, Missouri, formerly known as the Linwood Boulevard Christian Church. Though the Census Bureau's Report on Religious Bodies in the United States finds the designation "Community Church" ambiguous, because it is used officially in more than half a dozen different senses, Dr. Jenkins commends it for the reason that it neither smacks of sectarianism nor runs the risk of becoming a sectarian label. In the opinion of Dr. Jenkins the community church idea bids fair to sweep the continent because of its tendency to

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simplify the institution of religion and to eliminate unnecessary machinery. This book, therefore, may be looked on as a brief for the community church movement and an exposition of its nature and aims. It seems an obvious conclusion from the description of the singularly successful community church which Dr. Jenkins conducts in Kansas City, that the tone and the activities of such undertakings must necessarily be regulated by the character and fitness of the presiding pastor.

The justice of such a conclusion is clear from the fact that Dr. Jenkins has found it necessary to introduce a highly personal and autobiographical note into his narrative. He takes his readers into his confidence in the first chapter, entitled "My Task," gives them further enlightenment about himself in the second chapter where he discourses on "My Credentials" and never fails to make his points clear in the succeeding chapters by interesting anecdotes and incidents in his own career. He is engagingly naive and outspoken in the account of his early wanderings and experiences before he found the congenial sphere for his ministrations afforded by the church in Kansas City. No one who reads this book can doubt his sincerity or the depth of his convictions. He is occupied in giving people religion, not a new kind of religion, but the kind they all possess if they only knew it. He has laid aside many of the impediments and incumbrances of the traditional doctrinal kind, but he has formulated a rather definite, if negative, creed of his own.

Some articles of this creed are: nobody can any longer hold to a *fiat* creation; there never was a first pair, Adam and Eve; the Hebrew Bible, the Old Testament, is merely the body of Hebrew folk-lore; the man Jesus undoubtedly lived, barring certain fanciful and miraculous elements such as the Virgin Birth and arbitrary works of wonder like the poetic story of water made into wine, etc. This seems to be a rather definite confession of faith, but it is no more definite than the new decalogue for boys, which the author promulgates. It is not a very exacting code though couched partly in the language of Scripture, each commandment commencing with the words: "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time." In substance it enjoins on youth nothing more onerous than to play pool and cards and other games, to go to good theatres and movies, to learn to box, to dance, to confide in one's father, to own a dog, to go camping and, if possible, to love one's teacher.

The author is careful to refrain from defining religion, but whether he finds his standard of religion in his own creed or in his own decalogue, he discovers much religion in everybody, and he proves his contention by numerous examples such as those of a piratical newspaper publisher in a Western city; an atheistic Bolshevist girl; and Clarence Darrow, whom, in spite of the fact that he is a follower of Schopenhauer, a fatalist and a behaviorist, Dr. Jenkins believes to be "religious in the Greek way, for he loves beauty, truth and goodness, nature and art and music, just as the Greeks and Jesus did." Dr. Jenkins finds nothing heinous, even for ministers, in playing golf or fishing on Sunday; he has a psychiatric clinic in his church and he has no fears for the youth of today. He believes in his fellow men, he knows most of them are religious once their attention is called to the fact and he does not despair of matrimony. The work exhales a delightful air of optimism, fraternity, bonhomie, geniality, good cheer, and fellowship which knows no failure, depression or defeat; and it leaves the impression that were the churches provided with a good "contact man," an experienced greeter, they would be packed to the doors. Dr. Jenkins's community church idea and his prescriptions for a better and brighter world must not be confused with Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

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Fastidious Verse

White Nights, by Jessie Lemont. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press. $2.00.

THE FATHER of good printing in America, the late Thomas Bird Mosher himself, might have prepared this volume, so charmingly printed on Van Gelder paper. He would not have used the woodcuts by Tonkin Williams on the covers, but they are good. He might well have put his imprint on a selection of Jessie Lemont's poems, though he would have winnowed them finer. But there is in them much of that fastidious quality he loved; and as this is the first collection the distinguished translator of Rainer Maria Rilke has made of work wholly her own, indulgence may be allowed for the scope of her inclusions.

The first section of the book is devoted to sonnets; the second to quatrains in various meters; the third to pieces in a variety of forms; and in a final division there are six new translations from Rilke. In the sonnets will be found the clearest examples of the author's powers and faults. The latter are two: at times the meaning gets clouded in the metrical involutions of the verse; and at times a hackneyed phrase or too-well-worn image escapes the poet's vigilance—"life mounts and burns," "mystic music," "unquenchable desire." But the poet's fastidiousness fends her from too painful error in this direction. On the credit side we note first of all an admirable and assured freedom in varying not only the rhyme-scheme in octet and sestet, but, at will, the metrical movement. Where the practitioner of the sonnet generally dares not ripple the smoothness of the pentameter, Jessie Lemont here and there ventures an engaging variation, by introducing an extra syllable, by irregular stress or other such device: "She evokes the quiet cooling of the rains"; "She unbinds her splendors hidden in veils of green"; "Thunder sounds where their horses' hoofs have sped." Then too, this poet is capable not only of fragile felicities, such as "Or your swift step down the dim aisles of trees," and "White gulls in the mist your long flight winging," but as well of flashing images and resonant, vivid lines—witness: "the lightning leaps along their singing spears"; and this of a ship:

> "Her lean length stretches out, derisively
> Conquering mile on mile—and with a loud
> Shout the wind laughs, and coils his whip once more. . ."

The quatrains are slight; there is scarcely a tangible thing among them that could be quoted to illustrate their charm—but what charm there often is in the intangible! Nine of the quatrains are about flowers, and the best is "Goldenrod":

> "The sun emblazons on the autumn sky his burning shield,
> Men of the plow furrow the face of earth, blot out the bloom
> To plant their seed—push on relentlessly, through field after field,
> Trampling, destroying our hosts of waving gold—plume upon plume."

Of the translations from Rilke, "Charles the Twelfth of Sweden Rides in the Ukraine" is pretty poor; "From the Book of a Monk's Life" is a perfect rendition of a poem marvelous for the wonder and wisdom it packs into a few words. Readers of THE COMMONWEAL know that Jessie Lemont's verses are often keyed to Catholic themes and touched with nostalgia for the mystic Faith.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

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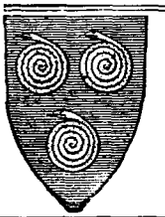

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Briefer Mention

Occupied Territory, by Alice Ritchie. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

THERE is an extraordinary intensity in this sketch—it is no more than that—of life among British officers in the Rhineland after the armistice, which makes one wish that the author had tried her powers on a theme in some measure commensurate with their promise. Her intuitions about character and emotion are deep and sure. She knows, from the inside, the men and women who make up the tiny synthetic world she has chosen as her background: the colonel, inspired and infallible in war, conventional, naive and helpless out of it; his younger men recompensing themselves after their various ways for the shock and inhuman effort of the long fighting—with music, with drink, with furtive loves; the sorceress, Mrs. Macquean, whose power pervades the book as effortlessly and unmistakably as such power pervades its milieu in actual existence; her anomalous husband; the other regimental wives, dingy or gracious; the colonel's daughter, in her first love affair tragic between the depth of her inherited nature and the helplessness of utter youth. They have, each, their sharp, special outlines, their finely divined, separate souls, and the work of this divination and projection seems somehow wasted after we close this record of one tiny moment in their lives. That that moment is futile and meaninglessly tragic does not take from our sense of the waste.

The Waters under the Earth, by Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

THE REAL power of Miss Ostenso's theme has been left undeveloped in this story of a father's tyranny over his children. The reader is everywhere aware that it exists for she has described effects with remarkable clarity but, in a story of this kind, neglect of causes results in a superficial treatment. Thus the domination of Matthew Welland, a visionary and narrow religious fanatic, is precipitated as a very potent force proceeding from nothing more explicit than the author's intention that it should be so. Hence the conflict ensuing between him and his children takes on a certain unreality because the characters in opposition are never definitively presented. One by one the lives of Welland's six children are ruined and Carlotta, the seventh, through some entirely unexplained and aloof strength, is left on the verge of womanhood with the author's unsupported assurance that she will rise above her family's common disaster. Despite its shortcomings, Miss Ostenso's novel has virtues which will ensure it a large and sympathetic audience.

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